

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF LITERATURE, SCIENCE, ART, AND GENERAL INFORMATION.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1859.

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REVIEWS.

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Ἐν Ὀξονίᾳ. Ἐν τῇ τῆς Ἀκαδημίας τυπογραφίᾳ.  
Ἐκεί αὐτῇ.

*Vetus Testamentum Græce, juxta LXX.  
Interpres. Recensionem Grævianam ad  
Fidem Codicis Alexandrini aliorumque  
denovo reformavit. Græca secundum ordinem  
Textus Hebræi Reformavit, Libros Apocry-  
phos a Canonicis segregavit Fridericus  
Field, A.A.M., Coll. SS. Trin. Cantab.  
olim socius sumptibus Societatis de Pro-  
mouenda Doctrina Christiana. Oxonii.  
Excudebat Jacobus Wright, Academiæ  
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AMONGST the many marks of a superintend-  
ing Providence which may be found in the  
records of the Christian Church, perhaps  
there is none which is more calculated to  
gain the attention of literary men than the  
origin and consequences of that Greek  
version of the Old Testament, which we  
commonly call the Septuagint. It forms a  
mass of indirect and circumstantial evidence  
in favour of divine revelation which is well  
worthy of critical examination.

That the Mosaic economy was a mere  
parenthesis and episode in the scheme of  
the Gospel, that it was a temporary scaffold-  
ing for the erection of the Christian temple,  
is now a fact of historical record. But the  
apparent difficulty consisted in bringing this  
national and exclusive dispensation into con-  
nection with the universal design of ad-  
mitting all nations to an equality of religious  
privileges. True it is that from the first the  
door was open for the admission of Gentile  
proselytes; and "the stranger that is within  
thy gates," whilst he enjoyed the advantages,  
was liable to the obligations of the Mosaic  
covenant. But the door was narrow, and was  
necessarily confined to captives taken in  
war, or to a few favoured individuals amongst  
the neighbouring peoples. Some general  
channel of communication was still required  
ere the world, that is, the Eastern world,—  
could be generally brought to the knowl-  
edge of the Jewish records, and thus pre-  
pared to welcome the advent of Mes-  
sias. To effect this object, it was neces-  
sary that the Hebrew Scriptures should  
be translated into the most current lan-  
guage, and yet that the version should  
retain a sacred and inspired character. This  
was a matter of no ordinary difficulty, for  
none but Jews could perform the task. The  
original Hebrew had already ceased to be  
spoken even in Judæa, and was expounded  
by the doctors of the law to the common  
people in Syriac or Chaldee Targums. But  
the multitudes of Jews who were spread  
over the East by commerce or war, and  
more especially by the conquests of Alexan-  
der, demanded that such a version should be  
made, and accordingly it was made by the  
Jews of Alexandria B.C. 280—300, in the reign  
of Ptolemy Philadelphus and his successors.

It should always be remembered that the  
Hebrew and Greek languages are anything  
but cognate; they are altogether dissimilar  
in grammar and phraseology. It was im-  
possible, therefore, to make a literal version,  
and the utmost approach was to give equi-  
valent expressions; nor was this always  
practicable. This should always be con-

sidered in our criticisms on the LXX., or we  
shall demand what it was impossible to per-  
form. But this apparent defect was in truth  
overruled for the success and utility of the  
Hellenistic version. Had the Alexandrine  
translators been more strict and literal, their  
labours would have been suited to the Scribes  
and Pharisees, but not adapted to the Hel-  
lenistic colonists. The language of the LXX.  
is suited rather to the synagogue than the  
temple. It often spiritualises the letter,  
and gives a paraphrastic interpretation in-  
stead of a verbal. The power and effect of  
this apparent discrepancy is often seen in  
the quotations of the New Testament, and  
accounts for the general preference of the  
version, on a principle far more creditable  
to Evangelists and Apostles than those  
which are commonly assigned.

But the signal, we had almost said the  
*exquisite*, wisdom of Providence in these  
preparatory arrangements for the era of  
Christianity cannot be fully discussed unless  
we group together these several antecedents.  
The provision for proselytes was not only  
indicative of the universal design, but was  
essential to its accomplishment. It was the  
Jewish proselytes who spread over every  
part of the earth, and for whose services the  
Greek version was intended; and none but  
Jewish proselytes, called Greeks, could have  
made it. Had it not been made by Jews  
who had served under the Macedonian con-  
queror, it could not have partaken of that  
peculiar phraseology which we find in the  
New Testament. Had the Gospels been  
written in Attic Greek, they could not have  
been written by Galilean fishermen. Had  
the Pauline Epistles been written in Attic  
Greek, they could not have been written by  
the pupil of Gamaliel. A still more compre-  
hensive manifestation opens to view. It is  
this:—to prove the Bible the Word of God  
to all ages, it was indispensable that the same  
sacred character should be impressed, and,  
as it were, stereotyped on every biblical ver-  
sion, and that this character should be  
essentially Hebraic. Now, the Greek Sep-  
tuagint is the mother of all versions (except  
the Syriac, which is Hebrew modernised),  
and it has stamped its character not only on  
the versions of the Old Testament, but on  
the New Testament itself. We despair of  
producing another word in its favour; but  
we cannot help congratulating our readers  
on that incomparable edition which it has  
been the privilege of the Christian Knowl-  
edge Society to plan, and of Mr. Field, their  
editor, to execute. From the earliest  
times, long before Origen, the order of  
the LXX. had become so confused that it  
could scarcely be collated with the Hebrew  
text. It abounded with frightful mutilations,  
and was disgraced with gross interpolations.  
The Romish Church had succeeded in vio-  
lating the order of the canonical books, by  
the absurd intervention of Apocryphal  
writings, which had no pretence to  
Hebrew originals. In this debased con-  
dition the Septuagint was viewed by  
many Protestant critics as little better  
than a pile of ruins—*rudis indigestaque  
moles*. It is a high honour to the Church of  
England that individuals have been found  
within her bosom to rescue this mother of  
biblical versions from her long neglect  
since the days of Augustine, to restore her  
to her primitive rank, and to wipe off the  
defacements which time and oblivion had  
brought on her countenance. We hail her  
accession to a public chair at Oxford as an  
omen that she will again be valued as she

was in the Primitive Church. She will  
reign henceforth, not as the rival of the  
Hebrew, but as its queen and companion.  
She will reign as the guide and guardian of  
that doctrinal phraseology which is essential  
to a written revelation. She will be re-  
membered as having furnished that seal  
to all other versions which Christ, the  
Evangelists, and Apostles have conferred on  
her in the New Testament. She is the sole  
Catholic version, because she was designed  
for the use of the Christian Church in all  
ages. The peculiar importance of this Greek  
version of the Old Testament consists in its  
use of the same doctrinal expressions as  
those which announce to us the tidings of  
salvation in the Gospels, and the terms of  
salvation in the Epistles. It is hard to say  
how such doctrinal expressions could have  
been translated from Hebrew into Greek,  
unless by a well-known and authentic version  
made and received, for a considerable time,  
before the era of Christianity. Had the  
Evangelists or Apostles made their own  
doctrinal nomenclature, it not only would  
have been open to much suspicion, but we  
think it would have been scarcely intelligible.  
The words such as *πίστις*, *δικαιοσύνη*, *ἀπολύτρωσις*,  
*ἀγάπη*, *ἀγιώσύνη*, *κτλ.*, are used in such a pecu-  
liar sense, and so unlike that of classic Greek,  
that unless they had been previously in-  
terpreted, they must have sounded little  
better than jargon. Nor could appeals to  
the ancient prophets, on behalf of the claims  
of Jesus as the expected Messiah, have been  
viewed as authentic, unless their productions  
had been recorded in the same language as  
that in which the appeal was made. In  
whatever position, therefore, we contemplate  
this primitive version, we must recognise  
it as constituting an indispensable and  
essential element of Christian evidence.  
We are aware many will think that we are  
unduly exalting the Septuagint, for it has  
unhappily been viewed since the Reforma-  
tion, as the rival rather than the companion  
of the Hebrew text. But we disclaim all con-  
ceptions of rivalry between the version and  
the original. Whilst we do not affect any  
direct inspiration for the version, we assert  
that it stands separate and distinct from all  
other versions, and that it forms a necessary  
and essential part of Biblical study. Nay,  
we think that the sanction of the New  
Testament has conferred on it something  
very like canonical authority, especially when  
we remember that it was the sole Bible of  
the Universal Church till the days of Jerome,  
and that it is still the sole Bible of the  
Eastern Church. Such claims are too ancient  
to be invalidated, too strong to be refuted,  
and too weighty to be neglected. The dis-  
crepancies between the Hebrew and the  
LXX. are numerous and important, but they  
often end in a kind of drawn battle. The  
chronology of the LXX. is now generally  
preferred. On many obscure passages the  
version often imparts light and instruction.  
Nor when it differs can we always trust to  
our Hebrew knowledge or to the Hebrew  
text, as it is now printed and pointed. The  
MSS. of the LXX. were probably unpointed,  
and therefore admitted of much latitude  
in the version. Be this as it may, the deprecia-  
tory tone in which the version is often  
spoken of by a certain class of critics is  
greatly detrimental to the evidence either of  
the Old or New Testament. So much de-  
pends on the value and safety of this "half-  
way house" between Judaism and Christian-  
ity that he is a bold man who thinks we  
could dispense with its accommodation.

But so much of this injustice to the LXX. has arisen from the mutilations and transpositions of their text, that we are willing to augur a more righteous judgment concerning its merits in the coming age. We feel assured that the University of Oxford is fully justified in devoting a public chair to this express study, and that the knowledge of Hellenistic Greek will hereafter be prosecuted as an essential to clerical attainments. But for this object it will be necessary that a recension of the Vatican text, similar to that which is now made of the Alexandrian, should be undertaken under the auspices of the delegates of the University Press. It is the Vatican text which has always hitherto been used amongst us, and which has a general prepossession in its favour. Its mutilations and disarrangements are still more numerous and considerable than its rival, and they will demand some time and labour for their rectification. But though Cambridge has led the way, Oxford will not be slow to emulate her example. At any rate, we may pronounce it, "*Nodus vindice dignus.*"

*The Poems of Heine, complete. Translated in the Original Metres, with a Sketch of Heine's Life.* By E. A. Bowring. (Longmans.)

It is but little more than three years since Heinrich Heine terminated his earthly career, and yet his name has long been inscribed upon the roll of fame. His countrymen, though looking upon him with some feelings of distrust and jealousy, on account of his supposed French leanings, have long ago regarded him as the representative of the hopes and yearnings of Young Germany, and as the ablest exponent of the views held by that party. It is but recently, however, that his works have been published in a complete form; and until Mr. E. A. Bowring—already known as one of the translators of Goethe and Schiller—presented them in the present handsome volume, the poems of Heine were inaccessible to the English reader. We purpose glancing briefly at Heine's life, and adverting to some of the more prominent characteristics of his poetry.

It is a noticeable feature in recent German poetry, that it is pre-eminently political. The German muse has left the serene haunts of fancy and imagination and come into the market-place and the forum, into the church and the political assembly. The poet has become an athlete in the polemical arena, has cast behind the sweet, fresh life of an earlier period, and is content to struggle in the dust amid the dire necessities of the present, in the endeavour to promote political and social reforms, and give impetus to all progressive movements. All the poet is hurried into the service of the passing hour, and the richest and most suggestive traditions of the middle ages are regarded as valuable only in so far as they may be made to illustrate the pressure of some political or ecclesiastical grievance. The Minnesingers have still a posterity, however, to perpetuate their ancient glory, in that school which has been entitled the Swabian. The late Gustav Schwab, Uhland, and Justinus Kerner avoided the heats of political partisanship, and did not draw their inspiration from dreams of liberty, but followed the old paths, were contented with the realm of Nature and the beautiful progeny of marvels which she reveals to the eyes of her favourites; but these were the exceptions and not the rule. Poets of all classes, lyric, epic, and dramatic, are filled

with national wrongs and propound national reforms. Poland inspires the muse of Count Platen; Arndt has not yet forgotten his bitter hatred of France, but for forty years has poured out his lava stream of animadversions upon his Gallic neighbours. Liberty animates the Pfizers, Anersperg, Stieglitz, and Dingelstedt. Heine and Hoffmann, Froelich and Herwegh, are equally enthusiastic in a similar direction; and the dramatists—Pratz, Gutzkow, Laube, and Knorr—are all patriots and political reformers, as was to be expected.

Foremost, however, among the recent poets of Germany is Heinrich Heine. Since Goethe he has had no equal in fecundity of fancy, splendour of imagination, rich though somewhat hard humour, brilliant wit, and terrible satire. Heine, according to the humour of his various critics, has been likened to Aristophanes, Rabelais, Burns, Cervantes, Sterne, Jean Paul Richter, Swift, Voltaire, Byron, and Béranger, severally; but to none of them is the resemblance very striking. Heine himself loved to be regarded as a disciple of the first-mentioned poet, but most of his critics have fixed upon Voltaire as his real master. He resembled the French poet in the wild daring of his wit, his scathing satire, and the levity with which he treated the most sacred subjects; but, unlike Voltaire, he never betrayed any bitterness when touching on religious topics. To Heine religion was a mere matter of philosophical speculation, and therefore it was removed altogether beyond the pale of the passions. He reserved his fierce scorn, his biting satire, his burning indignation, for his political and æsthetic opponents, and satisfied himself with covert sneers at Christianity and its professors. His humour, like that of Burns, rejoiced in the grotesque, and was never so effective as when sporting on the very confines of the terrible; but, unlike the Scottish poet, he had no profound faith underlying his apparent profanity. He did not direct his wit against cant and humbug as such, because he believed in nothing else, but against Christianity itself. Heine could seldom be in earnest about anything; and when, for the sake of effect, he assumed a passionate tone and succeeded in awakening the liveliest interest of the reader, he always took care to nullify the effect as speedily as possible, and was the first to laugh at the interest which he had excited. Thiers said of Heine, that he was the "wittiest Frenchman since Voltaire." This saying is more piquant than true. That Heine copied some of the vices of French authorship in his writings may be at once conceded, but his genius, spite of his long residence abroad, was pre-eminently Teutonic to the very last. He could not shake off the impressions which he had received at Düsseldorf. The wild legends of his fatherland filled his imagination and supplied him with inexhaustible materials. He was a mocker, but not a grimacer. He laughed at everything which most men regard sacred, but his laughter was not suited to Parisian drawing-rooms. He did not convey his contempt by a sneer or a shrug of the shoulders, but indulged in a deep German guffaw, with weird, unearthly undertones.

Heine was born in the Bolkerstrasse at Düsseldorf, on the 12th of December, 1799. Both of his parents were of the Jewish persuasion, and both were comparatively poor, the father of Heine not being like his brother Solomon, the famous banker of Hamburg, both banker and philanthropist. In

speaking of his boyish days, the poet says, "apple tarts were my passion. Now it is love, truth, freedom and—*crab soup.*" He received the earliest elements of his education at the Franciscan convent in his native town, where he was strangely impressed, as he tells us himself, by the sorrowful face of a large wooden Christ, which was constantly before his eyes in the convent. He was subsequently placed in the Lyceum of Düsseldorf, and was transferred in 1816 to Hamburg to study commerce. There he seems to have remained three years; and then, in 1819, we find him at the University of Bonn, which had been founded the previous year, where he studied Augustus Schlegel. Heine seems to have been unfortunate in his university career—he could not find suitable instructors, or his instructors did not find a suitable pupil in him. He remained only six months at Bonn, and then proceeded to Göttingen, where, as he informs us, he was rusticated soon after matriculation. Thence he went to Berlin, where he read the works of Spinoza, applied himself to the study of philosophy under the tutelage of Hegel, associated with Chamisso, Varnhagen von Ense, Bopp, and Grabbe, abandoned all thoughts of a commercial career, and received those religious, philosophical, and political opinions which he cherished and maintained throughout life. In 1823 he left Berlin and went once more to Göttingen, where he studied law, and received the degree of Doctor in 1825.

Here he abandoned the creed of the Hebrews, and became, nominally at least, a Christian. He was baptised into the Lutheran Church at Heiligenstadt; why, was never very apparent. He afterwards said that he took the step in order to prevent M. Rothschild from treating him two *millionnairely*. It is very certain that there was no conversion in the case; for Heine, though nationally a Jew, was never one in faith, and though baptised, he never became a Christian. He never cared for "old clo," and he never found any religious garments that fitted him better.

Heine published his first volume of poetry, under the unpretending title of "*Gedichte*," in 1822, and met with the reception usually accorded to youthful bards. The volume, if not absolutely still-born, created very little sensation. In the following year, he impied his wings for a dramatical flight, but with little better success. The only two plays which he ever wrote—"Almanzor" and "Ratcliff"—were hissed off the stage, and very little praised when they appeared in print. Between these two plays he inserted a collection of poetry entitled "*Lyrical Interludes*," which was just as coldly received as its predecessors from the same pen. Heine's obscurity, however, was not destined to be of long duration. In 1827 he republished this collection at Hamburg, together with his "*Youthful Sorrows*," and gave to the whole the title of the "*Book of Songs*." In a moment he became famous. The volume was read, criticised, applauded, condemned, and then re-read again and again in all directions, but especially among the students at the universities. Nor is this success to be wondered at. The "*Book of Songs*" is a wonderful collection of poems where wit, humour, knowledge of the world and its ways, are combined with a fancy that recognised none of the ordinary restraints imposed by society, and a genius that made light of everything—even of its own powers. The admiring reader, who could not refuse his

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admiration, was nowhere called on to admire, but merely asked to laugh with the author and at him. We hardly know where, within the same compass, a lover of poetry could find so many gushes of the truest tenderness, ribbed round with so many harsh truths—where he could so fully indulge his lyrical enthusiasm, in such an endless variety of metres, and have it damped and extinguished so completely, often by a single line—where the lover's suit is more passionately preferred, and all the lover's hopes and fears and agonies are more mercilessly exposed and caricatured—where commonplace and improbabilities, the most ordinary events and the most ordinary characters are brought into such startling juxtaposition with the grand and the tremendous, and where the grotesque has been aimed at and achieved with so much success. The fearful trifling with the most momentous subjects is in itself terrible, and the jubilant manner in which some of the greatest secrets of the universe are treated, and scoffed at, contains some of the elements of the moral (or immoral) sublime. As a specimen, we quote the following stanzas containing the cogitations of a prospective bridegroom. Who, or rather what the bride may be, may possibly be suggested by the extract itself:

Thou now hast the money,—why longer delay?  
Thou dark scowling fellow, why lingering stay?  
I sit in my chamber, and patiently wait,  
And midnight is near, but the bride is still late.  
From the churchyard the shuddering breezes arise;—  
Ye breezes, O say, has my bride met your eyes?  
Pale demons come round me, and hard on me press,  
Make courties with grinning, and nod their "O yes!"

Quick, tell me the message you're coming about,  
Black villain, in liv'ry of fire trick'd out!  
My mistress sends word that she soon will be here;  
In a car drawn by dragons she'll shortly appear.

Dear grey little man, say what would'st thou to-day?  
Dead master of mine, what's thy business, pray?  
He gazes upon me with ante mournful mien,  
Shakes his head, turns away, and no longer is seen.

His tail wags the shaggy old dog, and he whines;  
All brightly the eye of the black tomcat shines;  
The women are howling with long flowing hair,—  
Why sings my old nurse my old cradle-song there?

Of one of Heine's favourite amusements, that of exciting the interest of the reader to the highest pitch, and then with a few words—sometimes in the last line of a poem—dashing it rudely to the ground—no better parody could be given than the famous lines of Dr. Johnson:

Hermat old in mossy cell,  
Wearing out life's evening gray,  
Strike thy pensive breast, and tell  
Where is bliss, and which the way?  
Thus I spake, and frequent sigh'd,  
Scarcely repress'd the falling tear,  
When the hoary sage replied,  
"Come, my lad, and take some beer!"

We may quote one, out of many instances which suggest themselves, from a poem entitled "Dialogue on Paderborn Heath":

Hear'st thou not far music ringing,  
As of double-bass and fiddle?  
Many fair ones there are springing  
Gaily up and down the middle.  
"You're mistaken, friend, in speaking  
Thus of fiddle and its brother;  
I but hear young porkers squeaking,  
And the grunting of their mother."

Heine walked the world of dreams with an imperial tread, and wove the shadowy horrors of sleep into his verse with consummate power. Here is a brief poem, one of a series, and yet so complete in itself that it tells its own story:

In dream I saw a tiny mannikin,  
Who went on stilts, with steps a yard apart;  
White was his linen, and his dress was smart,  
But he was coarse and most unclean within.  
Yes, worthless inwardly, and full of sin;  
Worthy to seem outside as his great art,  
Of courage he discoursed, as from his heart,  
Defiant, stubborn, 'neath a veil but thin.

"And know'st thou who he is? Come here and see!"  
So spake the dream-god, slyly showing me  
Within a mirror's frame this vision then.  
The mannikin before an altar stood,  
My love beside him, both said "Yes, they would,"  
And thousand laughing devils cried "Amen!"

Heine's next great work was his "Reisebilder," or "Pictures of Travel," which was written partly in prose and partly in verse, and was published at Hamburg at intervals from 1826 to 1831. The poetical portion of the "Reisebilder" is divided into three parts—"The Return Home," "The Hartz-Journey," and "The Baltic"—and each of these is redolent of Heine's peculiar and ghastly humour, his fantastic creations, his undisguised contempt for religion, and his wild mocking spirit. Like his own "North-wind," he "prates away to the waves," telling many a wild tradition, primeval Sagas from Norway, "and the while," to quote his own words, "far-echoing, laughs he and howls he exorcist's songs of the Edda, grey old Runic proverbs, so darkly-daring, and magic-forcible, that the white sons of Ocean spring up on high, all exulting in maddened excitement." More strongly defined examples of his daring recklessness are to be found elsewhere; and therefore, instead of dwelling on this point here, we prefer quoting a brief poem, bearing the title of "Questions," where something of earnestness reveals itself, though in a very questionable form:

By the sea, by the desert night-cover'd sea  
Standeth a youth.  
His breast full of sadness, his head full of doubts,  
And with gloomy lips he asks of the billows:

"O answer me life's hidden riddle,  
The riddle primeval and painful,  
Over which many a head has been poring,  
Heads in hieroglyphical nightcaps,  
Heads in turbans and swarthy bonnets,  
Heads in perukes, and a thousand others  
Poor and perspiring heads of us mortals—  
Tell me, what signifies man?  
From whence doth he come? And where doth he go?  
Who dwelleth amongst the golden stars yonder?"

The billows are num'ring their num'rous eternal,  
The wind is blowing, the clouds are flying,  
The stars are twinkling all listless and cold,  
And a fool is awaiting an answer.

The French Revolution in 1830 stimulated Heine to become a politician and newspaper writer. He was then living at Berlin again, after residing at Hamburg and Munich. It would appear that his polemical lucubrations did not please certain Prussian authorities; for, though the fact is not explicitly stated, it seems probable that Heine received very broad hints as to the desirability of changing the place of his abode. Be this as it may, it is certain that in 1831 Heine went to live in Paris, and continued to reside there until his death, with the exception of one or two short visits which he paid to his native land. He wrote French as fluently as German, and it is said that the translations of his works which appeared in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* and the *Bibliothèque Contemporaine* were either written by himself, or by personal friends under his own immediate supervision. In 1833 appeared his celebrated "History of Modern Literature in Germany," which was afterwards republished under the title of "The Romantic School," and in French under that of "L'Allemagne." This is, unquestionably, the most characteristic and outspoken of all Heine's prose works. Here, if anywhere, we find something like a consistent statement of his views,—religious, æsthetical, and political. Here many of the aberrations of his genius are accounted for; because here we perceive that Heine was neither a Jew nor a Christian, but a pantheist; and because being in earnest here, where we perceive his relations to the topics on which he is treating, with sufficient dis-

tinctness, we are no longer at a loss to account for that perpetual trifling with other topics correlated with these. According to Heine, the whole of the intellectual movement of Germany, since Lessing and Kant, has been a death-struggle against Deism. Passionately does he describe this struggle, and resolutely does he hurl himself into the thick of it. As a French critic somewhat enthusiastically says, he ranges his army in order of battle, gives the signals, and marches the Titans against heaven,—Kant, Fichte, Hegel, all those formidable spirits whose every thought is a victory, whose every formula is a cosmogonic *bouleversement*. Mercilessly did Heine deal with those who seemed to halt in the march to which he would have marshalled them; he heaps denunciations on Schelling, and on such dreamers as Novalis, Arnim, and Brentano, who would gladly have brought back the sweet spirit of primitive times, and who shrank as much from the conclusions at which Young Germany was seeking to arrive, as from the noisy contest by which they sought to reach them. The work is essentially partial, one-sided, unhealthy, and untrue.

We must pass lightly over Heine's other prose works, his "Salon," a series of essays commenced at Hamburg in 1834, and completed in 1840; his elaborate essay on the Women of Shakspeare, published in 1839; his personal attack on his old friend, the republican poet Börne; his "Lutezia," or Paris, consisting of articles on French politics, arts, and manners, which had been contributed to the *Augsburg Gazette* between 1840 and 1844; his "Confessions," "Dr. Faust," and "Gods in Exile," which were written a few years before his death; and pause to make a few brief remarks on his "Atta Troll," which was written in 1844.

This is, according to our judgment, the most delightful of all Heine's poetical productions—rich in mythological lore, profound in world-wisdom, overflowing with wit and humour, abounding in passages of wonderful pictorial power, gleaming with the most brilliant sarcasm, and containing endless surprises and contrasts. The mechanism of the poem is simple, but this does not prevent it from being infinitely discursive and suggestive. Atta Troll, the dancing bear of the Pyrenees, escapes from his keeper, leaving behind him his faithful wife Mamma, and makes his way to his mountain-haunts, where the other members of his family, including his own youthful progeny, reside. To these, as a judicious paterfamilias, he imparts lessons of weighty instruction, and moralizes on men and human society in a strain which no bear, either before or since, has been able to emulate. Atta Troll is pursued; and the adventures, natural and supernatural, which befall the pursuers are described with the richest humour. All through this poem, Heine's grotesque power is conspicuous,—from the description of the bear-leader who wore six Madonnas upon his pointed hat, to protect his head from bullets—carrying an altar-covering, many-hued, which did service as a mantle; who had first been a monk, then a robber-captain, and, before bear-keeping, had "joined the two vocations" by taking service under Don Carlos,—all through the many mazes and devious wanderings of the poem, with its magnificent descriptions of gloomy forest-holds, mountain scenery, sunny village streets, tumbling cataracts hissing with foam, to its fantastic dreams and marvellous revela-



tions, all bristling with irony, all intermingled with the most incongruous elements, and all resonant with fun. Daylight and dream-light are not blended and interused, but brought into the most startling juxtaposition; the commonest offices of everyday life are linked with the most marvellous and terrible imaginations; the real and the ideal, the true and the fantastic, are wrought up into the quaintest of arabesques; until the reader is astonished at the wealth of the imagination which could create so much out of such unpromising materials. With Heine you are never safe. Are you sad at some of his tender touches—in a moment you are aroused with a sudden sarcasm; and if you are disposed to pause over the landscape which he has painted with consummate skill, he hurries you away at once, shaking the cap and bells. In a single stride, you step out of the village street, where the most commonplace of avocations are being followed, into elf-land amid wonders and enchantments; but even there, you are not allowed to rest from the assaults of the mocking spirit who accompanies you, and who tells you to turn your back upon the witch's incantations in order to take a peep into the state of her larder. The vision of the Wild Hunt, at the cottage of the witch Ura, where Nimrod rides with "Charles X.," and King Arthur and Sir Ogier of Denmark exchange courtesies, is one of the finest pieces of imaginative poetry we know of. And yet even here the poet finds it impossible to restrain his inextinguishable spirit of drollery; for, among the wild hunters, he recognises Shakspeare and his dull commentator, Francis Horn, whom he thus describes:

By his mouth's sweet smile I also  
Know again the worthy William,\*  
Whom the Puritans had likewise  
Cursed with bitterness; this sinner  
Needs must join at night that savage  
Army on a black steed mounted;  
On an ass, and close beside him  
Rode a man,—and, O good heavens,  
By his weary, praying gestures,  
By his pious, snow-white nightcap,  
By his grief of soul, I straightway  
Knew our old friend, Francis Horn!  
Just for writing commentaries  
On the world-child Shakspeare, must he  
After death, poor fellow, with him  
Side amidst the wild hunt's tumult!  
Ah, he now must ride, poor Francis,  
Who to walk was well-nigh frightened;  
Who ne'er mov'd, except when praying,  
Or when chatting o'er the tea-tray!  
Would not all the aged maidens,  
Long accustomed to cress him,  
Shudder if they came to hear that  
Francis was a savage huntsman!  
When he breaks into a gullo,po,  
The great William with derision  
Looks on his poor commentator  
Who at donkey's pace goes after,  
Helplessly and wildly clinging  
To the pommel of his donkey,  
Yet in death as well as lifetime  
Following faithfully his author.

The dream of fair women which followed was not so enchanting as to disarm him of his wit. On awaking, he finds himself in the cabin of the witch, with no other companion than a pug-dog, that stands beside the hearth before the kettle holding a spoon in his paws, with which he hastily stirs the broth as it evinces symptoms of "boiling over." Of course the dog turns out to be an enchanted Swabian poet:

But am I myself bewitch'd?  
Or still blazes there the fever  
In my head? I scarce can credit  
My own ears—the pug-dog's talking!  
Yes, he's talking, and his accent  
Gentle is and Swabian; dreaming,  
As though buried in deep thought,  
Speaks he in the full-wing fashion:

\* Shakspeare.

"Poor unhappy Swabian poet!  
In a foreign land I sadly  
Languish as a dog enchanted,  
And a witch's kettle watch!  
"What a shameful sin is witchcraft!  
O how sad, how deeply tragic  
Is my fate—with human feelings  
Underneath a dog's exterior!  
"Would that I at home had tarried  
With my trusty school-companions!  
They're at any rate no wizards—  
Ne'er bewitch'd a single being!  
"Would that I at home had tarried  
With Charles Mayer, with the luscious  
Yellow figs of my own country,  
With its pudding-broth delicious!  
"I'm half dead now with nostalgia—  
Would that I could see the smoke  
Rising from the chimneys where they  
Vermicelli cook at Stukkert!"

In 1844 appeared a volume, entitled "New Poems," to which was added "Germany, a Winter Tale." His "Germany" is one of Heine's most characteristic productions, full of wit and the bitterest satire. There is scarcely a page wherein some keen barb is not hurled at a literary adversary; but the best portion of the poem is that which describes the author's adventures in the cavern of Kyffhauser with the emperor Barbarossa.

In 1850 and 1851, during the ravages of his fearful malady—paralysis and atrophy of the limbs—Heine composed his last great poetical work, to which he gave the title of "Romancero." He divided the volume into three books, called respectively "Histories," "Lamentations," and "Hebrew Melodies." The first book contains some beautiful ballads, which prove that the author could, if he liked, have rivalled Uhland and the other Swabian poets who fell under his lash; the poems in the second book are equally miscellaneous, but are more copiously dashed with satire; and the third book is divided into three distinct parts, entitled "Princess Sabbath," "Jehuda ben Halevy," and "Disputation." Of these, incomparably the most pleasing is the book devoted to the history of Jehuda ben Halevy; and "Disputation" is, on the whole, the most repulsive of all the writings of Heine.

Three years after the publication of "Romancero" appeared the "Latest Poems," which do not call for any special comment. And now the end was approaching. For eight years Heine had been confined to his couch, "in a state of death without its repose," as he says, "and without the privileges of the dead, who have no need to spend money, and no letters or books to write." On the 17th February, 1856, his sufferings terminated, and he was borne from his house in the Avenue Matignon to his last resting-place, the only men of note who attended his obsequies being Gautier, Mignet, and Dumas.

Heine was a congeries of contradictions—a personal as well as a poetical paradox. He had tenderness, but he delighted to trample upon it; a glorious imagination, which he sought to defile; passion, at which he laughed; and earnestness, which he endeavoured to extinguish in quips and cranks and sorry jests. If he had any religious feelings at all, he took care never to parade them, but sneered at the religious convictions of others. Judging from the grotesque quality of his humour, we should say that though a jibe was ever on his tongue, his heart was always heavy. He had no faith in God, and no confidence in man. We are told that he was an affectionate husband and a dutiful son. It is possible that he was both; and yet it is certain that he was jealous of his wife without cause, and never saw his only sur-

living parent—his mother—save at intervals of many years.

It is simple justice to add that the translator has performed his task well. The original metres are preserved throughout the entire volume, and the spirit of the German poet is transfused into the vernacular tongue with great skill. English readers need no longer be strangers to the wild, daring, grotesque genius of one of Germany's greatest poets.

*Journal of a Voyage to Australia and Round the World for Magnetical Research.* By the Rev. W. Scoresby, D.D. Edited by Archibald Smith, Esq. (Longman & Co.)

THOUGH the name of Dr. Scoresby is not popularly known, men of science will regard a volume by him on magnetical experiments as a matter of first rate importance. Magnetism was the study of his later life, as the geography, science, and natural history of the Arctic regions had been of his earlier days; and, independent of his theories and inventions, which are both valuable and novel, he made himself notorious in the philosophical world by a very decided controversy with Professor Airy concerning the soft iron and magnets proposed by the latter, and extensively used by the merchant service and the navy, as the best means of correcting the deviations of the compass in iron ships sailing south. Dr. Scoresby's sense of the danger attending Professor Airy's theories and plans, and his desire to be able to controvert them by practical experiment, induced him, though far advanced in life, to undertake a voyage to Australia. His editor says: "The voyage was undertaken with the object of observing the changes which take place in the magnetic state of an iron ship proceeding from a northern to a southern magnetic latitude, and of deciding certain questions as to the best mode of correcting the deviations of the compass in such a ship." After a few delays and many negotiations, subscriptions were raised from various sources, and two cabins in the *Royal Charter*, one of the large iron vessels belonging to the Liverpool and Australian Steam Navigation Company, were placed at his disposal for the due stowage of himself, his wife, his wife's maid, and his mathematical instruments; and on the 17th of January, 1856, he and his installed themselves on board, and started on their voyage of experiments to the antipodes.

It was an interesting and a highly important mission which the Reverend Doctor went to fulfil: and one which, in the present extensive use of iron for ships, might have been of vital consequence to the practical as well as to the scientific world. The deviation of the compass in iron ships has had terrible and fatal effects. The *Birkenhead* and the *Taylor* were both lost from the unsuspected changes in the compass; and many of the smaller iron ships yearly meet the same fate without attracting much public attention. So early as 1839 Professor Airy had investigated this subject; and this was one of the conclusions to which he came:

"Although the amount of that part of the semicircular deviation which is caused by induced magnetism cannot be determined by means of observations at any one place, we know that it is a quantity of the same order as the quadrantal deviation. It may be somewhat greater or somewhat smaller, but not remarkably greater; and with some possible distributions of the soft iron, it may be zero. Of the two iron vessels examined,

one, the of 50°, the other, th of 30°, is, therof of the s magnetic magnetic far as o go, the made by perfectly

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one, the *Rainbow*, with a semicircular deviation of 50°, had a quadrantal deviation of only 1°; the other, the *Ironsides*, with a semicircular deviation of 30°, had a quadrantal deviation of 1° 6'. There is, therefore, good reason to conclude that the part of the semicircular deviation caused by induced magnetism is in all cases (except in very high magnetic latitudes) extremely small, and that, so far as observations with the best compasses can go, the correction of the semicircular deviation made by fixed magnets in one latitude will be perfectly correct in every other latitude."

On this theory he acted in his mode of distributing soft iron and magnets through the ship; and on both theory and mode of action Dr. Scoresby and Mr. Archibald Smith oppose him. They affirm that in many large iron ships there is no relation whatever between the two things compared; "that a single iron stanchion may give a large amount of semicircular deviation, and no perceptible amount of quadrantal deviation," and that "a deck beam may give a large amount of quadrantal deviation and no perceptible semicircular deviation." By another train of reasoning they come also to the conclusion that the whole of the semicircular deviation in iron ships arises from induced magnetism, and that the only conclusion to be come to is the negative one, "that no *a priori* conjecture, having the least probability of correctness, as to the relative proportions of the induced and permanent magnetism, which give rise to the semicircular deviations, can be formed." Also, they deny that there was any phenomenon observed by Mr. Airy in the *Rainbow* and *Ironsides* which might not have been caused by the transient induced magnetism of the soft iron in these ships; and that the "compass may be placed at a position in the ship in which the induced magnetism compensates itself so as to produce no semicircular deviation, in which case all the semicircular deviation will be caused by permanent or retentive magnetism. On the other hand, the compass may be placed where all the permanent or retentive magnetism will compensate itself, in which case, the whole semicircular deviation will arise from induced magnetism:

"This conjecture was one on the correctness of which the mode of correction originally proposed by Mr. Airy, viz., by fixed magnets, depended. Mr. Airy subsequently proposed to correct the semicircular part of the deviation by adjustable magnets, the position of which is to be altered by the Captain according as the changes in dip, in the sub-permanent magnetism of the ship, or in the magnetism of the correcting magnets, introduces any serious amount of semicircular deviation. This mode of correcting the semicircular deviation would no doubt succeed in skilful hands, except in the case of sudden changes in the sub-permanent magnetism of newly-built iron ships, but it may be doubted how far it is prudent to trust such delicate manipulation to unskilful hands. I am not aware whether this mode of correction has been practised, or whether it has succeeded in practice."

Much of the subsequent controversy seems to have arisen from Dr. Scoresby's mistake of the Professor's meaning, when speaking of "permanent magnetism" as the force which causes semicircular deviation. "In other words," says Mr. Smith, "he uses the term 'permanent magnetism' as equivalent to 'permanent magnetism' + 'transient magnetism induced by the vertical part of the earth's force;' but "persons who looked into the paper only for the results of the mathematical investigation, without actually repeating or following the mathematical operations, easily fell into the mistake that

Mr. Airy had demonstrated, or professed to have demonstrated, that the semicircular deviation did arise entirely, or almost entirely, from permanent magnetism, and that no part, or only a small and unimportant part, arose from transient induced magnetism." Dr. Scoresby, on the contrary, attributed the semicircular deviation almost entirely to retentive magnetism, that is, to magnetism which may be considered permanent in the ordinary process of swinging a ship, but which changes under a change in the inducing force, and with great readiness when aided by mechanical violence. There was then another point to be considered: namely, the magnetic state of the iron of which the ships were built. Dr. Scoresby insisted that it was neither "soft," nor yet "hard;" that is, it was not wholly without magnetic force, nor yet permanently and unalterably magnetised. On the contrary, he proved by experiment that the iron plates of which ships are made are in a state of indeterminate magnetism, "not 'soft' because it (the iron) had acquired by hammering a great degree of magnetism, which it retained while the ship was swung in different positions; but neither was it 'hard,' because in a new position, and under the influence of a new inducing force and the molecular disturbance caused by blows and strains, and even time alone, it changed." This "retentive magnetism," Dr. Scoresby proved, was not met by Mr. Airy's proposed mode of correction; and at the meeting of the British Association at Liverpool, in 1854, he read a paper, "On the Loss of the *Tayleur*, and the Changes in the Compasses in Iron Ships," wherein he insisted that the "severe weather met with by the *Tayleur* in the Channel had 'shaken out' the original magnetism of building, and given her a new magnetism, which left the correcting magnets to produce a deviation that threw her on the Irish coast." In this paper Dr. Scoresby explained, and insisted on, the retentive condition of iron which causes an intensely high state of magnetism to be induced which cannot be retained after the ship has been exposed to different inducing forces and blows. This paper called forth a rejoinder from Mr. Airy, wherein he proved that all which Dr. Scoresby had advanced was wrong; and so the scientific world stood by, and saw the two magnetic athletes stripped for the combat in good earnest. It ended by the Reverend upholder of the retentive theory setting out for Australia in the *Royal Charter*, as already said; whence, however, he brought rather signs and indications of work to be hereafter done, than any very conclusive and positive testimony. The mast compass was inaccurate, and the *Royal Charter* was a large and valuable ship—rather, we should say, her time and the uses to which she was put were valuable; and Dr. Scoresby was not able to have her swung as often or carefully as he might have done with a smaller and more manageable vessel. However, his observations were useful and well done, "leading us to anticipate that still more valuable results may be derived from very careful observation of the deviation of the compasses, and of the variations of the vertical and horizontal force made on board an iron ship before leaving England, in the southern hemisphere, and after her return to England."

This must close the scientific portion of our notice.

Of the journal as a work of art not much can be said. It presents few points of interest, but yet is not wholly devoid of

"local colouring," and has some photographs of the sea-world worth extracting:

"Were I a painter, there is no scene which, since my abandonment of Arctic adventure, has come under my personal observation, that I should more earnestly attempt to place upon canvas than the poop deck of the *Royal Charter*, with the immediate elements for a picture without, during the height of the hurricane. First, in the after-part of the ship, looking upward, we should have the mizen mast of the ship denuded of all sail, with the cordage swelling out forward under the force of the wind—then the ship herself cast into an oblique heel towards the port side, the stem raised high by a mountain-like wave—then the living pictures at the helm—the attending officer and the directing captain standing sideways, in the foreground of all; then externally the assailing mountain-like wave, following close on the star-board quarter, and giving the direction and angle to the ship's inclined position, yet threatening, as many such waves do, to overwhelm the ship in mightiness of waters; then the atmospheric part of the picture, the mistiness of the storm-drift—the sun throwing a lurid glare through an aperture in the dense masses of cloud flying above—eliciting in the sea-spray of some immediate breaking crest a striking and brilliant segment of a prismatic arch; and finally, beyond this, astern, or on the left hand of the picture above, an approaching squall shower, thrown, by the contrast of the penetrating sunbeams, into the aspect of consummate threatening and blackness!"

But indeed the doctor was great in storms, and has attempted to describe more than one; attempted, we say advisedly, for his words, though correct and judicious enough, have not in them the dash and colour, or sounding roar of the true ocean storm. An elderly scientific man could scarcely be expected to give a poetic description of anything; least of all of a sea storm, which calls for more passion and spirit than most Saxons possess.

In the tropical sea he noticed what Lieutenant Maury has also noticed in his "Physical Geography of the Sea," namely, that the Greenland whale (*B. mysticetus*) cannot pass through that "sea of fire," which is to it "as an utterly sandy desert to the unprovided traveller;" thus confirming the assertion which the reverend gentleman had made when a whaling captain and an Arctic voyager, that the "right," or "Greenland whale" is not the same as the whale of the southern circle, but is quite a different variety, if not species. The description of that tropical sea is by no means uninteresting:

"The tropical sea, at least in our track, however it might afford specimens of animalcule or minute radiata to interest the naturalist, was obviously barren, most barren in the supplies needful for the support of the innumerable myriads of meduse, cancri, elios, etc., which in their turn constitute the food, and form the "pasture ground" of the mysticetus; for this pasture ground in the Greenland seas is conspicuous, in turbid waters of a deep olive-green colour, to the least observant fisherman. He never expects 'fish,' at least he does not expect to find them in repose, as at home, in blue water, such as we have almost always had within the tropics; but in the olive-green water, turbid by reason of its myriads and crowding of minute forms of life, he has hopes of finding whales, as there at least they might feed, and feed according to their tastes and requirements most sumptuously.

"Flying fish, as I have had occasion to notice, constituted almost the only conspicuous form of life we had seen in any frequency within the tropics. With these we might, no doubt, have seen their persecutors—the bonito, the dolphin, and the shark—had our speed been sufficiently slow; but rarely going less than seven knots, these larger species could not easily keep up with



us, or be so likely to make their appearance as with ships going at a very slow speed, or occasionally at rest, becalmed. One of the flying-fish, of a larger species, with a double set of flying fins, fell into the fore chains, where it was caught by one of the saloon passengers. It was cooked and served up for dinner, and, as far as could be judged from one morsel, seemed to be delicate eating."

There is a strange mixture in this book, which yet we take to be eminently characteristic of the man. There is in the first place a great deal of childish *naïveté*; as, for instance, when he expresses his surprise and contentment at the luxurious meals daily prepared and set forth in silver covers, &c., no storm or tempest hindering cook or steward in the exactest performance of their duties; then there is a great deal of piety with the true conventional twang in it, at times oppressively nasal; and, lastly, an amount of abstruse science perfectly bewildering to the general reader, and quite beyond the range of ordinary education. This mixture represents very closely what was the nature of the man; we say *was*, for, alas! time and he have parted for ever, and all that was belonging to his mortal part rests now among the things that were. Chiefly broken down by this long and anxious voyage, and burdened with the arduous duties self-imposed, the weakened frame of the ardent observer gave way; and even before he could prepare his papers for publication, or finish his cherished work on magnetism, he was overtaken by the great master of us all, and led away to his rest. *Requiescat in pace!* If he has not by his journey added anything very certain or decisive to our present mass of scientific knowledge, he has at least prepared the way for others to follow: and what new discoveries soever may hereafter be made in the magnetic working or condition of iron ships, Dr. Scoresby's name will always stand as one of the foremost and his reputation be that of one of the most clear-sighted in that particular field of science.

*Diary of the Marches of the Royal Army during the Great Civil War.* By Richard Symonds.

*The Camden Miscellany.* Volume the Fourth. (Printed for the Camden Society.)

[SECOND NOTICE.]

MOST of our readers are aware that the Camden Society has been for some years in the habit of grouping in occasional volumes such of their publications as are insufficient to form an entire one. The fourth of these occasional volumes forms the second book mentioned in the heading of this notice—its contents are seven in number, and are, as might be expected, of various interest. The first calls itself a "London Chronicle in the times of King Henry VII. and King Henry VIII.," and is, in point of fact, little else than a few curt jottings by some careful citizen of the principal public events which took place in or affected the city of London, in the stirring period included in the first half of the sixteenth century: and it is only necessary to recollect how many grim scenes connected either with the tyranny of the second Tudor, or with the progress of the struggling reformation, were enacted at the Tower of London, at "Paul's Cross," or in Smithfield, to conceive that the chronicle, dry detail though it be, must be invested with a very considerable amount of interest, and, indeed, it is only when we have list after list of hangings, headings, quarterings, burnings, &c., forced in their naked ugliness

before our eyes, that we can in any fair measure appreciate the state of society in this country during the later years, at any rate, of Henry VIII.'s reign, or the comment of the editor of the chronicle, who, reminding us of the almost daily occurrence of these executions, remarks that it will not appear strange that the chronicler should tell us the names of those who *died in their beds*. So much of the chronicle as belongs to the reign of Henry VII. is little else than a nominal record of the Mayors of each year.

The next item in the contents of the Miscellany is an account of the expenses of the judges of assize riding the Western and Oxford Circuits during the four concluding years of the sixteenth century; it is valuable as throwing light on the then existing customs of the circuit, but principally as supplying a body of particular information on the value of money and prices of provisions, &c., &c., at the period. Nor need the general reader shrink from encountering what looks like a tedious and bewildering catalogue of what was paid for capons and "chickings," and butter and "cunger" (congar), or of the pike and quince pies sent by Mr. Sheriff, for the Editor has very considerably and, let us add, very ably, reduced the *cruda indigestaque moles* into a readable and understandable shape in a few pages of introduction, which at once furnish us with the whole pith and marrow of the expenses and supply a key to further research.

The "Incredulity of S. Thomas," which follows, is the prompt-book for one of the old Miracle Plays, and though very short, is exceedingly curious; it is little of course but a parody on the Scripture narrative as far as the principal scene is concerned, but its chief interest appears to arise from its great antiquity, at least, according to the Editor's conjecture, for though he assigns no earlier date to the manuscript than the reign of Henry VI., yet he considers that "there is ground for believing, from the character of the speeches and from the extreme simplicity of its construction, that, if not the oldest, it is one of the oldest dramas existing in our language."

The Miscellany contains also an account given by Sir Edward Lake, theretofore Dr. Edward Lake and a lawyer, of his interviews with Charles I., on the occasion of being made a baronet, for distinguished service on the field at Edgehill, where the doctor received no less than sixteen wounds. There is little of any real interest in the account.

Some letters written by Pope to Bishop Atterbury, during the imprisonment of the latter in the Tower, are far more worthy of perusal; they are excellent specimens of the elaborate, careful, and highly-finished style of the poet; and though, like much that he has written, they read to us in these days affected and overstrained, there is, nevertheless, an undercurrent of genuine feeling observable in them—for Pope, cold and precise in most things, was nevertheless a fervent admirer of the bishop.

And we are also presented with a few supplementary papers in reference to the discovery of the Jesuits' College at Clerkenwell, 1627-8, which have come to light since the other documents were printed by the Society in the second volume of their Miscellany. But the undoubted gem of the collection is, "The Childe of Bristowe, a Poem, by John Lydgate," which, it appears, has been preserved in a volume of the Harleian collection of MSS. in the British Museum—and which will prove a most

valuable addition to our ballad literature. For a genuine old English ballad it is, and of the best sort, equal in all respects to that best of ballads, "The Heir of Linne," resembling the latter very much in the easy flow and rhythm of the lines and far surpassing it in the moral. It is but a few months since we had to notice a reproduction in part of one of Dan John Lydgate's most famous works, that on which not a few consider Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" to have been founded, namely, the translation of De Guilleville's "*Pelerinage de l'Homme*;" it will be needless, therefore to do more than refer to that article \* for a brief notice of Lydgate, as also for our reasons for rendering any quotations from his poems in modern spelling. We proceed at once, therefore, to give a brief outline of the ballad, which, by the way, consists of 93 verses. Near Bristol lives a "squire mickle of might," whose large possessions have been got together by such foul means as "beguiling poor men all against the right;" the object of this nefarious accumulation is his only son, the Childe, on whom he dotes—and whom, at the age of twelve, he has had so effectually well educated that the young gentleman becomes "wise and witty . . . and dreaded all deeds darke." In order next to give his son sufficient acuteness in the ways of the world, the squire proposes to send him to a lawyer for a year, but

The child answered with a soft saw,  
"They fare full well that know no law,"  
And so I hope to do.  
That life will I never lead,  
To put my soul in so great dread,  
To make God my foe.

And having with this very uncomplimentary comment quietly and effectually disposed of the legal profession, proposes instead to enter the commercial world as "prentice" to a Bristol merchant. His good conduct during his apprenticeship makes him a general favourite:

He waxed so courteous and bold  
All merchants loved him, young and old.

The father is now seized with a mortal sickness, and, desiring to arrange his affairs, sends for "knights and squires which were his compeers in that country beside," with a view of prevailing on one of them to undertake the office of his executor; but the estimation in which the old usurer is held is such that

There was no man in that countrie  
That his executor would be,  
Nor for no good nor ill.  
They said his good was gotten so  
They would not have therewith to do,  
For dread of God in Heaven.

On which he sends to Bristol for his son, and desires him to undertake the office. The Childe hesitates, pleads his youth, and hints at the "knights and worthy men," and, in short, refuses until his father lays on him his solemn charge "before God." This the Childe, as a dutiful son, dare not disregard; but, at the same time, turns the tables on his father by laying on him an equally solemn charge to appear to his son a fortnight after his death, to acquaint the latter with the fate of his soul, about whose destination the pious Childe appears very naturally to entertain some apprehension. The father's time draws near, the priest is sent for, administers the sacrament, shrives him, and "cried God mercy ever more,"

As it was time to do.

and then the father dies. The son's immediate anxiety being for the welfare of his father's soul, he has a hundred priests and

\* See No. 41, April 9, 1880.



more to sing the dirge at the funeral; and immediately after,

When they had brought him in his grave,  
His son, that thought his soul to save,  
If God would give him leave,  
All the chattel his father had  
He sold it up, and money made,  
And laboured morrow and eve.  
He sought about in that country through,  
Whether any alms might he do,  
And largely he did them give  
Ways [roads] and bridges for to make,  
And, poor men, for God's sake  
He gave them great relief.

besides having a number of masses said, and so never stopped, until he had expended all his father's treasure. The fortnight being over, his father's soul appears to him in a wretched plight, burning like a live coal, and with the devil leading him by a burning chain round his neck. In answer to the Childe's piteous conjurations, he explains to him that he is thus led, and must be for one hundred years, because of his falsehood [foul dealing], which he used evermore, and by which his goods were gotten wrongfully, and so begs back his troth; but the Childe, anxious to make further efforts for his relief, binds him to a second tryst at the end of another fortnight. The son, who "never had so great sorrow," repairs to the merchant of Bristol, and proposes to sell him his heritage, as he needs "a little sum of gold." The merchant dissuades him from selling, and offers to lend him a hundred marks; the son, however, insists on selling, and the merchant, understanding the yearly value to be a hundred marks, gives him three hundred pounds, with which the Childe hurries home again, and has proclamation made "in church and market" for all whom his father had wronged, and "ever as they came he made their pay," i.e., gave them the amount they claimed.

And charged them for his father pray  
That he in bliss might wone [dwell].

At the end of the second fortnight the father's spirit again appears, and in somewhat better plight—no longer burning, and without the chain, but still black and in care. To his son's question of his welfare, he replies, that in consequence of his having neglected to pay his tithes and offerings, his soul must still remain the appointed time in pain, and again begs back his troth; the son, however, binds him to another fortnight, and immediately speeds back to Bristol, and, in moving terms, implores his master to help him with another "little sum of gold." The good merchant is angry, and accuses him of gambling, but the Childe, disregarding the insinuation, offers to sell him himself.

Mine own body I will sell to thee  
For ever to be thy lad;  
Bond [man] to thee I will me bind,  
Me and all mine to the world's end,  
To help me in this need.

The merchant, softened, asks how much he wants, and, on the Childe asking forty marks, gives him forty pounds, with which the Childe seeks out all the "churches in that country where his father had dwelled by," and settles their claims, thus once more getting rid of all his gold; and, having nothing left to satisfy a poor man who meets him in the street, and prays for payment for a "seam" of corn for which the father owed, the Childe takes off his clothes, and gives them the poor man. And now, at the end of the fortnight, his father's soul appears to him as "a naked child in angel hand," informs him that his pious efforts have been successful, and that he is going to "bliss." The Childe having thanked "God almighty and his mother Mary bright," returns to

Bristol "in his shirt and breech alone." The burges naturally marvels and affectionately urges the youth to explain what is the matter. The Childe then tells him all, on which the merchant exclaims,

"Son," he said, "blessed may'st thou be  
That so poor would'st make thee  
Thy father's soul to save.  
To speak thee honour may all mankind;  
Thou art a trusty siker [secure] friend,  
Such find I but seldom."

and is so delighted that he makes him his partner and heir, and marries him to a "worthy man's daughter of that country."

Such is the ballad of "The Childe of Bristowe," which not only reads a powerful lesson on the "evil to come" which awaits unlawful money-getting, and over-eager and unscrupulous amassing of wealth, but develops in a singularly attractive manner the filial piety of the Childe, and the honest, sturdy affection of the burges.

We have thrown our sketch, as far as practicable, into Lydgate's own words, in order to present our readers with as many specimens as possible. No extracts, however, can convey any adequate idea of the simple and touching beauty of the ballad, which must be read as a whole to be appreciated.

We may observe, by the way, a striking parallelism in one particular between the supernatural parts of "The Childe of Bristowe," and the various orthodox records of appearances after death which have been more than once collected, but most notably by a modern author, more remarkable for her ingenuity and eccentricity, than for the soundness of her conclusions, or the sobriety of her style. In both, the colour of the "poor ghost" varies with his condition. The Childe's father passes through three gradations, and in some of the records alluded to, the departed is made to assume as many various changes of hue as he had had different suits of clothing when in the flesh, and more. It seems to us more than probable that in Lydgate's days there may have been a recognised symbolism about this, woven in with the doctrine of purgatory, which we have now lost sight of.

Another remarkable parallelism is between a law of Lydgate's metre and a licence taken by modern street ballad-singers—a feature, it is true, observable more or less in all our ballad literature, but particularly in ballads written in the same metre as "The Childe." We allude to the occasional conversion of the iambic into the tribrach, as in the lines,

All the chattel his father had,  
And laboured morrow and eve.

Any one who will listen to a modern street ballad-singer for a few minutes will hear the same thing constantly recurring, and communicating spirit and freshness to the recital. Probably it is an undying tradition of the ballad metre, belonging to all time.

*The Missing Link; or Bible-Women in the Homes of the London Poor.* By L. N. R., Author of "The Book and its Story." (Nisbet.)

BUT a few weeks since we reviewed a book entitled "Ragged Homes, and how to Cure them," and now we have before us a book of a similar character, but far more satisfactory. The authoresses of both books are ladies who would do all they can to ameliorate the condition of their poorer sisters, but while Mrs. Baylis is at times imperious, as her own words undoubtedly prove, L. N. R. is always gentle and womanly. Much of the

matter in "The Missing Link" has been told in the pages of "Ragged Homes," but in the present book we find an energy of earnestness, an elaboration of a fitting work, which commands attention, and casts Mrs. Baylis's book completely in the shade.

"The Missing Link" is quite beyond criticism—who can find fault with the manner in which a sailor dives when he is bent on saving a human creature from destruction? L. N. R. may, in the enthusiasm of her calling, sometimes act as we would not have her act; but we have said she is gentle, womanly, humble, utterly without vanity, and so we must perforce fall back, and hope it is ourselves who are in the wrong.

As mere reading, the work is interesting; the opening words are attractive:

"Reader, are you disposed for a walk into one of the lowest parts of London—into a region which people of the better class seldom or never see, unless, indeed, business carries them through it as a thoroughfare? Let us explore it by daylight; and out of well-known Oxford Street, turn into Wardour Street, the Paradise of antiquarians.

"We are not about to linger and indulge our taste among quaint old carvings, candelabra, grotesque corbels, and antique church furniture; there are terrible scenes of squalor and misery to be found in some of the upper interiors of these Wardour Street houses, which present us with such pictorial groupings below; but we are on-ward bound to the left, into St. Giles's and the neighbourhood of the Seven Dials, described in books as one of the 'dens' and 'rookeries' of London. Novelists, and still more truly City Missionaries and Scripture readers, have, perhaps, painted it in words to us before to-day; but now we are going to see it for ourselves, as it existed in the month of June, 1857, for 'seeing is believing.'"

The first poor London quarter considered is St. Giles's. The particulars of this horrible parish are full of terrible attraction:

"St. Giles's is tenanted by a most vagrant population. In six months of the year 1855, a City Missionary in Dudley Street kept an account, which showed that, during that period, 536 families had left the district, and a similar number had entered it in their stead. This same missionary ascertained that two-thirds of the poverty, misery, crime, and disease which came under his notice, were produced by the vice of intemperance. More than half the people were Irish, whose habits, prejudices, and religion place great difficulties in the way of those who would reform them, and help them to help themselves. 'They will be dirty, and nobody shall clean them; they will huddle together, and nobody shall separate them.' An Irishwoman, who was asked whether she did not feel comfortable when her old garments had been taken from her, and when, after full ablution, new ones had been supplied, answered, 'Yes, thank yer honour; I'm horrid clane.'"

It may be remembered that Mrs. Baylis gave considerable space in her book to the history of one Marian: the incidents of this honest woman's life are still further detailed in "The Missing Link":

"The history of Marian B. was a singular one. She earned a scanty livelihood in cutting fire-papers, or moulding wax flowers, or making bags for silversmiths in London; and her lot had been cast, for three-and-thirty years, in some one or other of the purlieus of the Seven Dials. A drunken father, who broke her mother's heart, had brought her, as a young girl of fifteen, gradually down, from the privileges of a respectable birth, to dwell in a low lodging-house of St. Giles's. He died shortly afterwards, and left her and a sister, of five years of age, orphans, in the midst of pollution, which they, as by miracle, escaped, often sitting on the stairs or door-step all night to avoid what was to be seen within. An old man, who was her fellow lodger, kind-hearted,

though an Atheist, had taught her to write a little, and he bade her never read the Bible—'it was full of lies; she had only to look round her in St. Giles's, and she might see that there was no God!'

"She had picked up reading and knitting from gazing in continually at the shop windows. She married at eighteen years of age. Her husband proved sober and steady, but he was as poor as herself. When they went to church, she was without shoes and stockings, and he had no coat.

"Still, from that time she knew the meaning of that blessed word—'a home,' though such home was but a room, changed from time to time, in the same neighbourhood.

"Five years before the time at which the lady met with her, she was passing through the streets one rainy night, when she took shelter in an alley that led up to a little Mission-hall in Dudley Street, and hearing a voice, went in to listen."

From this date her new character of a Bible-woman began, and very nobly she has supported it. Through the most crushing humiliation and indignity, this poor Bible-woman has passed to honour and love. It is impossible to read her tale otherwise than reverently. Here is one of her earlier trials:

"At last she found her way into a court where she received vile usage: a bucket of filth was emptied upon her from an upper window. This, however, only elicited more sympathy from those who stood at their doors below. One woman took her in, and wiped her bonnet; another brought water to wash her face, and on the whole her friends exceeded her foes, and from the date of this roughly commenced acquaintance she numbers several of her best friends."

Again, here is a specimen of her courage:

"Do not go up that stair," said a City Missionary, who met her on her way in Church Lane. "The woman who lives there is not a woman—she is a fiend. It takes four men to carry her home when she is drunk."

"It is to such as her I go," said the quiet visitor, and passed on.

"When she arrived at the stair-head she heard the voice of a fury, and, tapping at the door, immediately entered. The fierce woman, a drover's wife, standing six feet high, was accustomed to keep her neighbours at a distance, and stared in amazement at Marian. A boy of nine years old stood in the corner naked; his mother had just been beating him, after cutting his poor old trousers to ribbons, in search of a sixpence which she said he had stolen, having received it for sweeping a crossing.

"Do not beat him any more," said Marian; "I dare say he will remember this; but what will you do with his trousers? He cannot put them on again;" and, turning to the child, she added, "A lady gave me a pair of trousers this morning, but they were for a good boy, if I found him. Could you promise never to keep back the money any more from your mother if I brought them to you?"

"The offer was so timely, and the voice of kindness so unusual in that apartment, that it melted the child, and even touched the mother. An influence began from that day alike over mother and children."

After much stumbling, but with never-waning strength, the Bible-woman has succeeded, as the following extract will show:

"And presently 'Marian,' with whom its name will now be identified to our readers, steps into the parlour, whence this day year she went forth with her first Bible for the 'dens.' The sum of her account sold is now 1004 copies—413 Bibles and 591 Testaments, purchased in St. Giles's in twelve months by the penny subscriptions of 'the lowest of the low,' each penny called for once, twice, and sometimes thrice, by the patient and earnest NATIVE AGENT, chosen from among themselves."

The Bible-woman, Marian, at last comes to party-giving, the visitors being the very

poor who seldom take tea out, and at last she superintends quite a grand *fête* given by the lady subscribers to the St. Giles's fund and to the poor penny Bible subscribers:

"It is a party given to the Bible subscribers by the subscribers to the St. Giles's Fund, who have been the readers of 'The Book and its Missions' during the last twelve months. Out of the 1004 persons to whom 'Marian' had in that space of time delivered 'the Holy Word of God,' she, in conjunction with her superintending lady, had invited about forty to partake of a somewhat more bountiful repast in one of the large rooms at the Broad Street Ragged School and Refuge, which was kindly and gratuitously lent for the purpose.

"Six o'clock was the hour named, and as the clock struck, the guests began to arrive and seat themselves quietly on both sides of the long tables covered with white cloths, placed up each side of the room. They had themselves previously brought a voluntary contribution to embellish the feast—which, though there are no gardens in St. Giles's, it was in their power to do, as a flower-selling people—jugs of stocks, roses, pinks, and pansies, which took our hearts out to country cottage doors; and two glass vases of Marian's own were filled with regal white lilies, which might, among the Romanists, have done honour to 'Our Lady.'

"On the high window-ledges sparkled balsams, geraniums, and fuchsias, which were gladly lent for the occasion also by the partakers of the treat; and more lovely still, as a product of the spontaneous gratitude of the Seven Dials, on a small table which connected the two long ones, lay half a dozen *bouquets*, which might have been the envy of Covent Garden, and which, we were told, were 'for the ladies who had been so kind to them.' When one thought of 'Church Lane,' and Marian told us these had been made *there*, and that no one would say who had made them—'it was the offering from all'—our hearts were touched; and considering ourselves but as the local representatives of a far wider circle, we offer to our subscribers this testimony from the heart."

This woman, Marian, deserves and has the good wishes of all Christians, typical as she is of "The Missing Link."

With great gratification we read the moderate remarks L. N. R. has made on the poor Jews of eastern London:

"The Jews in this neighbourhood are of a very poor class. I met with but few *men* at home, as might be expected, they having to get their living abroad by various kinds of traffic. The women are not communicative with an English-speaking visitor; they understood my inquiries but little, and I as little their replies; yet some interpreted for others, and the common answer I received was, 'My husband is not at home.' They are in general poorly lodged, but others are fond of display alike in their persons and houses. The large floating ribbons for the head attire appear indispensable as a rest-day's ornament, both for young and old. I believe they bestow much care on their children; I have been often pleased with the appearance and vivacity of the little ones, and thought of the promise, 'And the streets of the city shall be full of boys and girls playing in the streets thereof.'

I consider it due to the people of this quarter to say that in no instance have I received an uncivil reception, nor had the door slammed in my face without an answer, as is too frequently the case elsewhere."

Here are the particulars of a singular interview between a Bible-woman and a Jewess:

"Perhaps the most interesting interview I had was with a Jewess, who I saw was very intelligent, and she told me that if I gave my Bibles to the Jews, they would the next moment sell them, for they cared nothing about them, and would not read them. I was to tell my friends that she, a Dutch Jewess, told me so in kindness. The Jews knew that they had the truth, and were not like ignorant Christians, bowing down to images of

wood and stone, and kissing them, &c. I attempted an explanation, but I fear she knew not how to distinguish between those professing the name of Christ, and those who worship Him in spirit and in truth without such symbols."

In the Spitalfields chapter is to be found some interesting matter respecting the French Protestant exodus, and the resting of the exiles in this quarter of London:

"About 80,000 refugees, according to the registers of the French Church in London, appear to have established themselves in the kingdom of Great Britain during the ten years that preceded or followed the revocation of the Edict, and at least one-third of these settled in the metropolis.

"Their return for their hospitable reception in England, and for benefits then received, was fourfold. They imparted to our trade and manufactures an immense impulse, the effects of which are felt to the present day. English paper was, up to that period, of inferior quality, and of a greyish colour. These exiles brought with them the secrets of a finer manufacture in this article, as well as in silks, velvets, and light tissues of linen and wool. They also understood the superior fabrication of glass, hardware, cutlery, clocks, and watches, so that such articles were no longer sought from the Continent; and the French ambassador was known to have made brilliant offers to certain distinguished artisans to return to France for this reason. But it was too late: the secrets were divulged. Religious persecution had driven more than half her weavers from her bosom. In 1698 the looms of Lyons had decreased from 18,000 to 4000; and out of 20,000 workmen who manufactured fine linen at Laval, more than 14,000 had quitted the kingdom.

"For a long time the population of these districts, Bethnal Green and Spital Fields, continued to be exclusively French; that language was universally spoken, and, within the memory of persons now living, worship was performed in French in the chapels erected by the pious refugees. Here were to be found French coffee-houses; French songs were sung in the streets, French manners prevailed, and the houses were many of them built in the old French style, with porticos and seats at the doors, where the weavers on summer evenings enjoyed their pipes, and chatted in their own tongue.

"During the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries their descendants have been, however, gradually blending with English families, and even changing their names by translation. The *Lemaitres* have become Masters; the *Leroys*, Kings; the *Tonnelliers*, Coopers; the *Lejeunes*, Youngs; the *Leblances*, Whites; and *Lenoirs*, Blacks. The chief vestiges of the old French colony are now to be found in Bethnal Green."

But we much doubt this translation of names; French appellations still remain in immense numbers, French modes of address are frequently to be found, French faces may be found (alas!) in all the gin shops, and it is gratifying to mark that the national love of flowers still clings to the descendants of those who forsook their country, and endured the greatest hardships rather than forsake their faith.

Towards the end of the book we learn that Bible-woman Marian has fallen sick; however—

"Marian" has resumed her Bible-work—not exactly as she formerly did, spending the whole of every day in her visits to the people (her own abated health since her illness, tried also by her long and faithful attendance on her husband, has prevented this)—and another female visiting colporteur is nominated for a large portion of the wide district of St. Giles's. The influence Marian gained in the first year, however, remains, and the pence in her own now more limited district are in numerous cases brought to her."

We emphatically repeat, the book is a good book—a plain, unassuming chronicle of good work done, and a promise of much to be

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achieved, written by a gentle lady, as humble and earnest as her best friends could desire her to be. We cannot conclude more satisfactorily than by pointing out that L. N. R. gives detailed balance-sheets and statements of all pecuniary and other business connected with lifting "The Missing Link;" nor should it be unrecorded that most of the names of the Bible-women are strictly Biblical; for instance, we find Esther, Dinah, Ruth, Miriam, Rachel, Martha, Hannah, Rebecca, Deborah, and several others. The names of these women accord admirably with their works.

### THE BRITISH DRAMA AND ITS SOURCES.

We lay claim to be a nation great in arts and arms, and science and literature. We point to our captains and our admirals, our discoverers and our theorists, our poets and our painters, our architects and our sculptors—but there are branches of art in which we do not excel, and, in spite of Mr. Balfe, we sorely doubt at this present time whether we have any right to be called a musical people. Our composers are stars of the third magnitude in the harmonic firmament; our singers, at least those of the highest pretensions, are few in number, and we fear that an English opera—that is, an opera composed by an English *maestro*, and set on the stage by English vocalists, would be more like a *fiasco* than anything else. Italy and Germany have a monopoly of musical science; no other nation can produce either writers or singers of opera or oratorio; and we must be contented to listen and pay, by reason that nature has denied us the power of doing anything else.

But while we must be indebted to the Italian and the Teuton for our harmonies and melodies, we see no reason why we should not hope for a little originality in other matters. We surely have wit of our own; we can cite a list of writers before whose glory all save that of Cervantes, Rabelais, and Molière, must grow pale; and it is not only now and then, but a regular series, from the Elizabethan age to that of Tom Taylor and Sterling Coyne.

Why is it, then, that all our farces and light comedies are borrowed from the French? There are a hundred reasons against such a practice; the whole philosophy of life is different in England from that adopted by our light-hearted neighbours. Half the things that they value we despise, and they regard with contempt more than half of those by which we set the greatest store. Our manners are different from theirs; our notions of politics are as wide as the poles asunder; even love itself is a different thing on the two sides of the Channel; and yet no sooner does a new farce or comedieta appear at one of the London houses, when lo! it is ascertained to be "an adaptation from the French."

It is all very well to say that the Gallic invention is brighter than any which we possess; that the dialogue of a French vaudeville is infinitely more sharp and spirited than that of a corresponding English piece; that the French are more rapid, have more tact, more *savoir vivre*, and therefore can make their characters display more than we can. All this may be true, and we are not inclined to dispute it; but we return still to the old objection—a French piece is addressed to the French mind, and that mind is essentially different from the English.

One man tells us that there are only two classes of persons—men and women; another divides the human race into debtors and creditors; and we are given to understand that all national differences merge into these; so that love and money must always supply an interest to all who wish to watch, whether philosophically or unphilosophically, the emotions and proceedings of our fellow creatures. The notion is not a true one. Love and money are undoubtedly as interesting to a Frenchman as to an Englishman, but he does not view them from the same point of view: they do not assume to him the same phases; and there is nothing more difficult than for the man of one nation to know exactly the idea of love and its delights of money and its advantages which the other entertains. Hence it is that when a *real* English play makes its appearance, it is far more thoroughly enjoyed, far more dwelt upon, more remembered and referred to, when its first success is past, than a mere adaptation from the French. We take as an instance one of the most remarkable of our own time,—Tom Taylor's play of the *Contested Election*. Our readers will bear in mind what was said about it at the time when it first appeared, what a chorus of almost universal praise there was from all critics at once. It was so English, so thoroughly English. No Frenchman—nay, no foreigner—could have written it. There was not a single line in it that did not manifest an English hand: this was the kind of criticism passed upon it. The English drama was looking up; there was a man who could write an English play, and it was scarcely possible to say too much in his praise. And it deserved, if not all, at least a good part of this ovation; it has great faults, but it has great merits also, and, above all, it represents our insular modes of life and habits of thought; it appeals to a thousand feelings which lie deep in the hearts of Englishmen, and slight as it was, it achieved a triumph. It will not be forgotten that at the time any claim to originality on the part of Mr. Taylor was denied; a country lawyer claimed the idea as his own, and we carefully examined the piece sent us for the purpose of proving this. Our readers will remember the conclusion to which we came, that the play was to all intents and purposes Tom Taylor's, and we unhesitatingly indorsed his declaration that he had borrowed from no one.

Now, we want more such specimens. Let Mr. Taylor show us again what he can do; we are not taxing him very highly; we are not demanding a *Macbeth*, or even a *Hunchback*, but simply some easy popular piece, which may help to stop that cry from the banks of the Seine: "You have no original dramatic genius. If you want the slightest farce you must come to us for it."

Now, what is Mr. Taylor about at this present time. He is just following a multitude to do evil. He is taking French dramas, altering them—not always to their advantage—and flinging them upon the English stage. We say nothing about *Garibaldi*, just because there is nothing to say; but we take up his version of *Le Roi s'amuse*. We shall not insult our readers by telling them the plot of that world-renowned play, they know all about it as well as we, and they know how hideously revolting is much of the life which it presents. Still Victor Hugo had, or fancied he had, a moral; he maintains that vengeance is not man's but God's, he does not insist on punishing his villains and

rewarding his virtuous people with undeviating punctuality. He recollects that time and chance happen to all, and while he brings forward scenes that would be better hidden in darkness, he does not create a poetic justice to clash with that which really does obtain in the world. It is not every murderer who is hanged, not every fraudulent banker that is sentenced to penal servitude, not every miscreant who enjoys a walk on the treadmill, not every pickpocket who gets collared by a policeman.

*The Fool's Revenge* is what Mr. Taylor calls a new play—it is little more than an adaptation of *Le Roi s'amuse*, with a slight infusion of *Rigoletto*, and a reminiscence of *Lucrezia Borgia*. We are not criticising the piece: that will be done in another part of this paper and by another hand. We speak here of a new confession of poverty, a new admission that if we want an original play we must go to Paris to see it.

It is true that we are not alone in this predicament. In Spain, they do the same thing, and even if they require a "*comedia de capa y espada*," one of those *cosas de España* which are supposed to be understood nowhere out of their own country—they too go to Paris, and dress up the child of some French theatre in a Castilian cloak, and lo! there is a new comedy at Las Variedades! Not very long ago, we called attention to a farce, by Mr. Buckingham, called *Quizote Junior*, which was produced at the Strand Theatre, and expressed an opinion that it might be found under some other title among the *obras* of Calderon de la Barca, or perhaps even of the renowned Lope de Vega himself. To read the two thousand plays of the latter dramatist merely to ascertain the origin of so pretty a trifle as Mr. Buckingham's farce would have been rather too great a labour, and we have since found that its first appearance was in Paris. There, under the title of *Le Nouveau Amadis*, Mr. Chesterfield Jones, though not with that euphonious name, delighted the *habitués* of one of the French minor theatres. Whether the French author had gone to the banks of the Manzanares or the Guadalquivir for his plot is a point on which we are in the dark; certain it is that no sooner had *Le Nouveau Amadis* blazed out in his grotesque chivalry in Paris than the Spanish *farceurs*, if they will permit us to call them so, caught up the idea and repeated it at the Variedades. Discarding the old title, they called their piece *Un Protector del bello Sexo*. A gentleman, named Cesar Romano, entitled himself the author, and it was produced on the 4th of May, 1853. It was extremely well adapted; Spanish habits and Spanish opinions were plentifully interspersed throughout it, and its success was most unequivocal.

We may therefore say that we do not stand alone in transplanting the flowers of the French *répertoire* into our own climate. The Russians do it, the Italians do it, the Portuguese do it—in fact, they have little modern literature but that which they do thus "adapt." One of the books which has had a great run in Portugal is entitled, "*Os Crimes do Governo Inglês*," a bad translation of a bad French book. But while we may claim companions in our sin or our poverty, call it which we will—and few people see much difference between the two—it is hardly creditable to a people making claims to so high a literary position as we do, that in this matter we cannot supply our own demand. We shall look forward to the coming season for something original in



the dramatic way, and if we do not get it, we shall know what to think.

It adds to our disappointment when those who borrow do not acknowledge. To call *The Fool's Revenge* a new play is a blunder. It may be called an adaptation.

Finally, we would submit to some of those who love to graze in French pastures, that to take a play bodily out of one language and to do it into another is not to adapt. If a friend lends a bandana, the person who has its temporary use is said to borrow it; but if, without the knowledge of its owner, he bears it about with him and declares that it is his own handkerchief, we apply another name to the transaction, but we do not call it an "adaptation."

#### NEW NOVELS.

*The Queen of Hearts.* By Wilkie Collins. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MR. COLLINS has fashioned a most charming framework for a second collection of his stories from *Household Words* and elsewhere; a framework so bright and fresh that it gives a value of its own to the volumes, quite independent of the merits of the collection itself. The leading idea of this framework is not new; inasmuch as it is the narration of a series of stories which are to interest the hearer so much, that a certain event is to be delayed because of them. The event in this instance to be delayed is the departure of the heroine, Jessie, the Queen of Hearts, from the house of her guardian before the return of her lover, who is her guardian's son; and we are happy to say that the stratagem succeeds. The idea is as old as Shahrazad and the sultan Shah-riyâr; but Mr. Collins has managed to make it as fresh and pleasant as if no one but himself had ever elaborated it into a plot. The Queen of Hearts herself, too, is such a fascinating creature, so natural and so loveable, so wayward, impulsive, womanly, and true-hearted, that we cannot choose but follow her through the pages with something of a lover's tenderness; earnestly hoping that George and Brother Griffith may hold their own to the end, and make sweet wild Jessie their victim at the last. As for the three old men, they are as good in their way—which is a different way—as the Brothers Cheeryble of immortal memory; while the old, worn, tumble-down house in Wales stands out as vividly as one of Fenton's photographs. Altogether, it is a delightful reprint of a very pleasant literary issue, and we are glad that Mr. Collins has made another collection of his already published stories, and wrought them into such a charming setting.

None of our young writers have improved so much as Wilkie Collins, whose progress upward from "Antonina," and even from "Basil," has been rapid and marked. He has done what very few have the courage or the conscience to do—seriously studied literature as an art, and set himself to advance in his career by the same steady work and conscientious labour he would have used if he had been entering on one of the learned professions. Not many literary men have the good sense to do this: those who do, succeed. There is nothing of the unconscious writer about Mr. Collins. He does not wander at random about his subject, but works with a fixed and definite purpose; always with a point to which he is tending, always with an intently-conscious idea, a definite shape, a positive intention. Like the artists who first make the skeleton, which then they clothe with nerves and muscles, and finally give to the perfected picture the last great touch of life and likeness; so he works out first the idea of the fact he wishes to dramatise—he conceives his situation—and then builds upon this character, descriptions, and persons, which are the nerves, muscles, and life-likeness, clothing his structural bones. If less wild, less weird, perhaps less melodramatically powerful than Edgar Poe, he is as analytical; and though he has not the exceeding subtlety or mysterious fascination of that greatest master of analytical and

melodramatic fiction, yet he has the same faculty of working from the core outward, the same good taste in making his side incidents subordinate to his central situation, and the same power of sustaining the interest in a story of one single action only. But besides this, what we may call architectural or constructive power, Wilkie Collins has that of making his characters charming and natural to a degree. Rosamond in the "Dead Secret" (by no means one of his best stories though) is singularly life-like. We have all known such a woman; have all loved her great noble qualities and been impatient at her weaknesses, have praised her in one breath and blamed her in another, as we praised and blamed and loved and scolded the shadowy Rosamond flung in profile on the pages. The Queen of Hearts in the present book might be Rosamond's younger sister; a trifle wilder and more impetuous, perhaps, but then she is younger, and wifehood and maternity have not laid their softening touch upon her yet. When these have come she will moderate that saucy toss of her head, and soften the despotic tone which is now so child-like and delightful; and for the present we must be content to love her as she is, with her wilfulness and her wilfulness, her inclination towards dress, her artless coquetry, her regret at the want of "Aunt's diamonds," and all the other little traits by which Mr. Collins makes us acquainted with her.

Most, if not all, of the stories have been printed before. Some have appeared in the Christmas number of *Household Words*, some in the ordinary current numbers of that periodical. "The Dream Woman," "The Dead Hand," "The Family Secret," "The Parson's Scruple," "The Story of Fauntleroy," "Anne Rodway's Diary," we recognise as originally ushered into the world under those auspices; and we well remember the attention they excited, and how many people gave them to the Conductor himself; which is not surprising, seeing that Mr. Dickens has much influence over his immediate circle, and the property, like Carlyle, of fascinating writers even to distinct imitation. We do not say that Wilkie Collins has imitated Mr. Dickens; but he has certainly gained much literary good from the association, and his own faculty of careful Dutch painting and elaborate stippling, has not been dwarfed by the influence of the most microscopic, the most elaborate, the most sensitive word-painter of the day. *Household Words* was one of the finest schools possible for a young author. The revision which a singularly able editorship gave to his articles was in itself a valuable lesson; and *Household Words* has been the best friend and teacher that Mr. Collins has had. Indeed, he may be looked on as its prize scholar and head boy, and both master and scholar may be presumed to be mutually satisfied. Wilkie Collins will live to be our "double first" yet.

Perhaps the best story in this collection is "The Dream Woman." Here we have most of Mr. Collins's special characteristics; the leading idea of a man haunted ever and ever through life by one dread thought; the portraits of the persons drawn wonderfully life-like; the one main incident kept steadily in the first place, and all that is subordinate in interest made subordinate in position; the fine shading and minute description; the exactness with which everything is, so to speak, inventoried in the tale; these specialties of the author, we think, are better shown in this story than in any other of the book. "Mad Monkton," too, is a good story of the same melodramatic character, with just so much of the supernatural in it as is in accordance with possibility and the mysteries of disease. There is nothing in the tale but what might have been. We think the finding of the dead body of Stephen Monkton, ghastly as the subject is, one of the very best things of its kind in the book. The lonely convent, hidden in that dark, mysterious wood; the long, dank grass; the falling leaves; the old monk, whom solitude and poverty have left scarce human; the terrible picture of the festering corpse lying unburied upon the naked trestles—all stamp Wilkie Collins as a man of great and daring powers, as a man of marked genius. We do not speak of the healthiness or pleasantness of the subject; we are dealing

solely with the ability displayed in its treatment. The story is singularly forcible, both in its intention and its manner. The idea of a half-crazed youth, urged by his own ghastly visions, his fears, and his inherited superstition, searching for the dead body of a relative, about whose place of death or interment there is the deepest mystery, was of itself an excellent groundwork for any after elaboration. Add to this the vague, dreamy, unsettled character of Monkton himself, his madness kept in that terrible abeyance—always present, yet always suppressed, like a tiger crouching for a spring—which gives it something of an unearthly character: the union of natural human interest with that feverish interest belonging to concealed disease and unnatural conditions; the blending of the lines between madness and sanity, phantasm and reality—and we have the skeleton of a story which promises in every point to fascinate and enthrall, at least, all those—and they are many—who love to "sup on horrors." What picture thrown on canvas ever surpassed the vividness of this scene of desolation?

"I still followed my only guide, the steep path; and in ten minutes, emerging suddenly on a plot of tolerably clear and level ground, I saw the convent before me.

"It was a dark, low, sinister-looking place. Not a sign of life or movement was visible anywhere about it. Green stains streaked the once white facade of the chapel in all directions. Moss clustered thick in every crevice of the heavy scowling wall that surrounded the convent. Long rank weeds grew out of the fissures of roof and parapet, and drooping far downward, waved wearily in and out of the barred dormitory windows. The very cross opposite the entrance-gate, with a shocking life-sized figure in wood nailed to it, was so beset at the base with crawling creatures, and looked so slimy, green and rotten all the way up, that I absolutely shrank from it.

"A bell-rope with a broken handle hung by the gate. I approached it—hesitated, I hardly knew why—looked up at the convent again, and then walked round to the back of the building, partly to gain time to consider what I had better do next; partly from an unaccountable curiosity that urged me, strangely to myself, to see all I could of the outside of the place before I attempted to gain admission at the gate.

"At the back of the convent I found an outhouse, built on to the wall—a clumsy, decayed building, with the greater part of the roof fallen in, and with a jagged hole in one of its sides, where in all probability a window had once been. Behind the outhouse the trees grew thicker than ever. As I looked towards them, I could not determine whether the ground beyond me rose or fell—whether it was grassy, or earthy, or rocky. I could see nothing but the all-pervading leaves, brambles, ferns, and long grass.

"Not a sound broke the oppressive stillness. No bird's note rose from the leafy wilderness around me; no voices spoke in the convent garden behind the scowling wall; no clock struck in the chapel-tower; no dog barked in the ruined outhouse. The dead silence deepened the solitude of the place inexpressibly. I began to feel it weighing on my spirits—the more because woods were never favourite places with me to walk in."

"The Dead Hand," which was one of the episodes in "The Two Idle Apprentices," is another powerfully told story; with an excellent undercurrent of transparent mystery, so to speak; always so effective in a well-told tale. It is like the veil sculptured over a marble face: a something superadded that does not conceal but only heightens the effect of the features beneath by the softening shadow it appears to throw. Monte's Veiled Vestal would not have been so beautiful with the face uncovered: Wilkie Collins would not write so well if he could not sometimes suggest his story as well as give it in detail. The close of "The Dead Hand" is an instance of what we mean. Here is the scene where Arthur Holliday, in the same room with the corpse, and in a state of extreme nervous tension, makes the great discovery:

"Just before the light had been put out, he had looked in that direction, and had seen no change, no disarrangement of any sort, in the folds of the closely-drawn curtains.

"When he looked at the bed now, he saw, hanging over the side of it, a long white hand.

"It lay perfectly motionless, midway on the side of the bed, where the curtain at the head and the curtain at the foot met. Nothing more was visible. The clinging curtains hid everything but the long white hand.

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that he did go to the bed, and that he did look inside the curtains.

"The man had moved. One of his arms was outside the clothes; his face was turned a little on the pillow; his eyelids were wide open. Changed as to position, and as to one of the features, the face was otherwise fearfully and wonderfully unaltered. The dead paleness and the dead quiet were on it still."

"The Parson's Scruple" is very beautiful; more simple than the rest, without a touch of melodrama in it, and full of tenderness and pathos. It is, perhaps, the most pathetic of anything Wilkie Collins has done, and is told with great sweetness and delicacy. The scene of the separation is equal to that in Mrs. Inchbald's "Simple Story," and quite as pure in tint and outline. The only thing we cannot forgive is the passionate depth of Emily's love for such a poor, small, narrow brain as Parson Curling. Our notice must close with the following extract, which is the close of the work itself. But before we end we must thank Mr. Collins very heartily for the great pleasure he has afforded us, and congratulate him on the striking success which has attended his perseverance, his industry, his courage, and his good sense:

"While I was speaking, the breakfast-room door opened noiselessly, and showed us Jessie standing on the threshold, uncertain whether to join us, or to run back to her own room. Her bright complexion heightened to a deep glow; the tears just rising in her eyes, and not yet falling from them; her delicate lips trembling a little as if they were still shyly conscious of other lips that had pressed them but a few minutes since; her attitude irresolutely scrupled; her hair just disturbed enough over her forehead and her cheeks to add to the charm of them—she stood before us, the loveliest living picture of youth and tenderness and virgin love that eyes ever looked on. George and I both advanced together to meet her at the door. But the good, grateful girl had heard from my son the true story of all that I had done and hoped and suffered for the last ten days, and showed charmingly how she felt it, by turning at once to me.

"May I stop at the Glen Tower a little longer?" she asked simply.

"If you think you can get through your evenings, my love," I answered. "But surely you forget that the Purple Volume is closed, and that the Stories have all come to an end?"

"She clasped her arms round my neck, and laid her cheek fondly against mine.

"How you must have suffered yesterday!" she whispered softly.

"And how happy I am to-day!"

"The tears gathered in her eyes and dropped over her cheeks, as she raised her head to look at me affectionately when I said those words. I gently unclasped her arms, and led her to George.

"So you really did love him, then, after all," I whispered, "though you were too shy to let me discover it."

"A smile broke out among the tears as her eyes wandered away from mine, and stole a look at my son. The clock struck the hour, and the servant came in with breakfast. A little domestic interruption of this kind was all that was wanted to put us at our ease. We drew round the table cheerfully, and set the Queen of Hearts at the head of it, in the character of mistress of the house already."

*Almost a Heroine.* By the Author of "Charles Auchester," "Rumours," &c., &c. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

THERE is at least one point in which this tale is strictly and thoroughly *sui generis*, as every single personage who figures in its pages, from the commencement of the work to its close, is in a false position; from Lord Lyndfield—with one exception, the only "lord" we are grateful to say, to whom we are introduced—who keeps a private madhouse, and carries out pots of cream to the friends with whom he spends the evening, to the "man John," who, picked up a pauper in the streets by a very eccentric old gentleman, becomes his master's heir, and inherits about 100,000*l.* besides "personals," involving an amount which almost takes away our breath, and who shuts himself up entirely alone in his newly-acquired mansion, and lives upon bread and cheese, in order to economise his income for the space of three years; at the termination of which period a mysterious iron box, built into an equally mysterious receptacle in the wall of the testator's private apartment, is to be opened; when lo! the nephew and rightful inheritor, whose interests the model serving-man has so rigidly protected to his own discomfort and privation, discovers that the money and chattels are all his own, and that he has been subjected to poverty and humiliation, during the three best years of his life, in order to wean him

from the comforts and enjoyments of a luxurious home, and to enable him to battle with the world on his own account. This he does by writing novels and newspaper articles, and by living upon the generosity of a man very little richer than himself, with whom his frankness amounts to something bordering upon impertinence, well meant, no doubt, but simply impossible according to received social usages; until, on succeeding to his property, he suddenly discovers that he has an extraordinary taste for the science of medicine—a taste of which the reader had never before received the slightest intimation,—and forthwith devotes himself to that study as the aim and end of his existence. This personage, who is supposed to tell the tale, of course falls desperately in love, while yet a mere stripling, with a beautiful girl, who turns out to be a mesmerist, of essential service to the noble proprietor of the lunatic asylum; who nevertheless warns his young protégé, the narrator in question (who for a few months acts as his secretary), in a most mysterious manner against suffering himself to become enslaved by her attractions; but although the warning is, as a natural consequence disregarded, and that the mutually enamoured pair meet by stealth so long as Mr. Ernesto Loftus continues the inmate of Lyndfield Chase, and subsequently keep up a monthly correspondence, the young lady is only really visible on one occasion when she appears in her professional character at the bedside of a dying man, of whom she defrauds the grave by throwing him into a mesmeric trance; and when the only notice which she vouchsafes to her lover, of whose presence she is apprised by the occult power of her supernatural properties, although he has carefully concealed himself among the curtains, consists in the words— But we will introduce the young lady to our readers; and the "situation" will then be perfectly understood:—

"The curtain was double, and there was a slight clink between its two divisions; through it I saw all. There was not a sound of footsteps as Erselie glided in. She had altered, I know not how, though I knew her again too well. Even in that hour her aspect smote Horatia through and through; an eager terror, vague as death, and as awful, filled the wife's face; she looked wild as a mother whose only babe a stranger seeks to snatch from her breast—more closely she bowed to him, still with her arms under his head, but her eyes, dilated with dread, and brimmed with jealous tenderness, could not, or would not cease from gazing full at the other woman—devouring her very looks, it seemed not lovingly. And Erselie, whose yearning goodness absorbed her pride, only looked with compassion, with supplication, with humility, at Horatia, who did not relent. I forgave her thought, for I was to the full as ignorant of what my darling *willed* as she. And, oh! how surprised at this new crotchet that had made its nest in Lord Lyndfield's healthy brain. Erselie only appealed by her looks a single instant to the tortured wife, and while she looked, she stood exactly at the bottom of the bed. Still, poor Arnold Major lay, with those unseeing, upturned eyes; then Erselie crept round close to Horatia, and even touched her dress, which in that very hour Horatia had thought (or woman's instinct) enough to pluck from contact with her. But Erselie took no notice—only a heavenly sadness, soft and pale as moonlight, but nothing like it, overspread her noble face. Then she bent over him, and looked close into his eyes; looked steadfastly. I could not see hers, only the lovely lids on which peace seemed to pillow passion, and the lashes, like the shadow of an angel's wings resting dark upon the vault of night. His eyes fell from their fearsome stare instantly, by her mysterious power, or at her pure volition, I knew not which. They met hers—a dim ray, like recognition in despair, seemed radiating from that vague, distressful glance. She raised her right hand—that hand whose fingers seemed alive with spirits, and in whose veins light seemed to dance and thrill instead of blood. Well I knew her hand, but I did not know this gesture. As she lifted it she bent the fingers towards him slowly. That moment, that very instant, he gave a thrilling scream, and tossed over, like a poor weak weed on a tremendous billow, towards Horatia's breast, and woman, wife-like, she was no spirit in that hour nor angel either. Haughtily, and cold as death, with her arms, her bosom spread over and covering him, she surveyed the little dark-haired thing with starry eyes and brow a scorch might have carried in the seventh depth of Heaven. 'How dare you hurt him?' said poor Horatia, low-voiced enough. She took care her tones should not disturb him. In desperation I looked towards the door. Lord Lyndfield was not there—not coming. Where was he? should we all be lost? 'I wanted to make him sleep,' said Erselie, in those wonderful tones of hers, so very innocent, so infinitely earnest. 'I have made so many worse than he, and you will not let me because you love him so.' 'You cannot make him sleep,' said Horatia, restlessly, 'only God can,' still crossing him with her arms and speaking very low. 'There is something wrong besides; some one else here. I must be alone with him. Oh, let's see,' said my darling, with anguish, with

aspiration. The sick man heard, or felt it, he turned half round, though he could not escape Horatia's arms, with such heart-melting moans! It was enough, wretch that I had been to hide myself; the other knew me there."

Now, whatever we may have been the other whimsies of Lord Lyndfield's "healthy brain," it at least appears to us that he gave very sober counsel to Mr. Ernesto Loftus when he advised him not to venture on matrimony with the "darling" whom we have had the gratification of making known to our readers. As for ourselves, we have no hesitation in affirming that we would quite as readily have taken to our arms the Undine of La Motte Fouqué, or the Geraldine of Coleridge. Imagine a partner for life with "a hand whose life seemed alive with spirit," eyes on whose "lovely lids peace seemed to pillow passion," and with lashes, "like the shadows of an angel's wings resting dark upon the vault of night." We may, however, be wrong in shrinking from the contact of such peculiar charms, as we confess that we have found ourselves quite unable to comprehend the extraordinary species of imagery thus placed before us. "Peace following passion" is puzzling enough to our commonplace minds; but when we are bidden to admire the lashes veiling the eyes of a young beauty, and resting on her noble face "overspread by a heavenly sadness, soft and pale as moonlight, but nothing like it," and "like the shadows of an angel's wings resting dark upon the vault of night," we confess ourselves fairly beaten. In vain have we closed our own eyes, and "given the reins of our imagination into our author's hands," we could not arrive at any other conclusion than that which led us to decide that in the present tale our fine old Anglo-Saxon vernacular is in as false a position as its personages; being so continually involved and evolved, tortured into metaphors, and obscured by metaphysical incomprehensibilities, that we have been perpetually at a loss to comprehend through what unanticipated nook or cranny the author's actual meaning would at length ooze out.

The very children in the work are impossible children; while Horatia Standish, the lady who is "Almost a Heroine," more resembles an *ignis fatuus* than a human being, living a Janus-like existence, with one face to the world and another to her intimates; and although a model of high-breeding and amiability, occasionally, when ruffled, indulging herself in the somewhat inelegant and unfeminine habit of throwing her hand-screen upon the carpet, and kicking her hassock across the room. The hero of the tale, Arnold Major, also occupies a very exceptional position in society; the over-worked, under-paid, half heart-broken reader to a great publishing firm, who is a man of high family, courted by the aristocracy, beloved by Miss Horatia Standish; who has both wealth and wit at command, but who is content, in the indulgence of an idle suspicion of her good faith, which half-a-dozen rational words ultimately suffice to dissipate, to live on in drudgery in a humble suburb of town, tended by a "maid-of-all-work," and watching amid his labours over the welfare and whims of the three ill-grained illegitimate children of a wealthy brother, by whom they have been abandoned.

We have noticed this work at much greater length than we should otherwise have done, because we have, while condemning it as altogether false and sickly in its views of life, been anxious to show cause for the objections we have raised. Extravagant deviations from accepted rules always provoke imitators; and we should be sincerely grieved to see the foundation for a new school of affections and puerilities (which can never fail to crush and deface the true and wholesome views of human nature, which it is alike the province and the duty of a novelist to present to his readers,) laid by the author of "Charles Auchester."

This lady could do better if she would.

*Wait and Hope.* By John Edmund Reade. 3 vols. (Hurst & Blackett.)

MR. READE is emphatically a scholar and a gentleman; and we consequently always warmly



welcome his name on the title-page of a work, whether it be one of poetry or fiction. In the present instance we must, however, be permitted to say that we cannot but think that he has done himself far less than justice; not in the quality of his book, for that is beyond objection; but by presenting to the public a series of admirable essays, which must have been eminently acceptable of themselves, whereas they here figure as mere accessories to a story. There is scarcely a subject of general interest upon which Mr. Reade has not put forth sound, deep-thoughted opinions in these volumes, which may be read and re-read with both pleasure and advantage long after the slight thread upon which they are strung together has lost its novelty. Let us not be misunderstood, however, or supposed to depreciate the fiction as a fiction; "Wait and Hope" contains some masterly character-painting; and the whole history of the fisherman and his family is thoroughly fascinating. We have, nevertheless, two slight drawbacks to record, and they are so slight that Mr. Reade can well afford to have them pointed out; the first is the frequent and, to us, extraordinary use of the word "interdicted," which is a sad blemish on the book; and the other (with which we suspect he has had nothing to do beyond suffering it to escape his notice while the work was passing through the press), the constant breaking up of the same speech into short paragraphs, which continually bewilders the reader, who naturally supposes that another person is speaking in reply. This, of course, adds to the number of pages, but greatly detracts from the comfort of the said readers. Can we pay Mr. Reade's book a greater compliment than by admitting that we cannot find another fault throughout his three volumes?

#### SHORT NOTICES.

*The Friends, Foes, and Adventures of Lady Morgan.* 1 vol. (Dublin: W. B. Kelly; London: Simpkin & Marshall.) That there are always two sides to a question, and that fair play is a jewel, is admitted by everybody; and we see with pleasure that in compiling the brief memoir of Lady Morgan which now lies before us, the writer has kept in mind these trite but excellent axioms. Perhaps few authors during their lifetime, and certainly few authoresses, have been attacked with more virulence, or abused more frequently or more coarsely than has Lady Morgan. It is equally certain, too, that no author or authoress has repelled the attacks made upon them with such indomitable perseverance and courage. During her life, she was charged by her detractors with almost every crime. Party prejudice and personal spite but too frequently inspired her assailants—a love of justice and truth rarely, if ever, influenced them in forming an estimate of her works and character. At the head of the dense phalanx of critics who attacked her and her writings stood Mr. Croker, of the *Quarterly Review*, to which publication she thus referred in the preface to the first edition of "France."

"It is now nearly nine years since that review selected me as an example of its unsparring severity; and, deviating from the true object of criticism, made its strictures upon one of the most hastily composed and insignificant of my early works a vehicle for an unprovoked and wanton attack upon the personal character and principles of the author. The slander thus hurled against a young and unprotected female, struggling in a path of no ordinary industry and effort, for purposes sanctified by the most sacred feelings of nature, happily fell harmless. The public of an enlightened age, indulgent to the critical errors of pages composed for its amusement, under circumstances, not of vanity or choice, but of necessity, has, by its countenance and favour, acquitted me of those charges under which I was summoned before their awful tribunal, and which tended to banish the accused from society, and her works from circulation; for 'licentiousness, profligacy, irreverence, blasphemy, libertinism, disloyalty, and atheism,' were no venial errors. Placed by that public in a definite rank among authors, and in no undistinguished circle of society, alike as woman and as author, beyond the injury of malignant scurrility, whatever form it may assume, I would point out to those who have yet to struggle through the arduous and painful career that I have run the feebleness of unmerited calumny, and encourage those who receive with patience and resignation the awards of dignified and legitimate criticism, to disregard and condemn the anonymous slander with which party spirit arms its strictures under the veil of literary justice."

*Appropos* to the charge of atheism comes the following eloquent allusion to the Deity, which we think makes such a charge grossly absurd:

"'Gracious Heaven!' she exclaims, 'Is it for man, weak man, trembling in the consciousness of his own imbecility, to bear down upon his weaker brother? And should not every sluice of pity and toleration be opened in his bosom for the fallibility of that creature whose nature he wears, in whose frailties he participates, and to whose errors he is liable? Atoms as we are, in the boundless space of creation! surrounded by mystery, involved in uncertainty, knowing not from whence we came, or whither we shall go, beings of an instant; with all our powers, all our energies hastening to decay! Is it for us to assume the right of empire, and refuse that mercy to others, which we all look for in common to Him, who is Himself perfection?'"

But it is not our intention to undertake the vindication of Lady Morgan's character, or to explain away her idiosyncrasies in these pages, for that is sufficiently well done in the little volume which the author has given to the public. His object, he informs us in his preface, has been "rather to assist the researches of an accomplished English lady, who is understood to be gathering materials for the Life of Lady Morgan, than to place himself forward as the biographer of his gifted countrywoman." Our readers will find in the little work a great deal of information touching the history of this very remarkable woman, as well as a great deal relating to her family and connections. The following extracts show so well the spirit of the writer, and are so full of eloquence, that we cannot resist the temptation of giving them:

"The lesson which her life teaches is based on the great and significant fact, that with her own fragile female hand she not only parried undauntedly the assaults of a furious and organised host of Critic-Cut-Throats, but absolutely hurled them, one by one, to the ground; and the teeth that had been sharpened to gnaw this brilliant woman's heart, impotently bit the dust beneath her feet. Self-reliance and self-respect, without the support of which no genius can be secure or genuine, formed a prominent feature in her idiosyncrasy. Those who are in fear of falling do nothing but stumble; and impressed by the truth of the aphorism Sydney Lady Morgan, with queen-like dignity and confidence, pursued the opposite course boldly. The blows aimed at her own fair fame she made recoil upon her assailants. We do not deprecate adverse criticism when offered fairly and conscientiously; but we detest to see it made the vehicle of malignant assault from private or party motives, as was the case with the majority of the examples we have cited. Had Sydney Morgan bared that heart which blazed with pure patriotism to the dastard stab, and submitted her dead body to be trampled upon, as Aristotle, Racine, Hawkesworth, Ritson, Cassagne, Montesquieu, and Keats, submitted and were trampled, this memoir would have had but an inferior moral to dignify it. That courageous woman, however, grappled with the arm which sought to destroy her fair reputation, and possibly her life, and like the good fairy crushing the Evil Genius in a Fantomime, she smote the Arch-Foe to the earth, and placed her tiny foot, cased in white satin, upon his ponderous coat of mail."

*The History, Present Position, and Social Importance of Friendly Societies.* By Charles Hardwick, Past Grand Master of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows Friendly Society. (Routledge, Warne, & Routledge.) Every year the Registrar of Friendly Societies issues a verbose report, in which he tells us that there are three millions and so many thousands of members belonging to these associations, possessing an accumulated capital of nine or more millions of money; that the financial position of these important societies is, notwithstanding, unsound; and, moreover, that the working men who subscribe their weekly sixpences into a sick or benefit club are totally unaware of the ruin they are contributing to bring about. Newspaper writers and public speakers follow in the track, and the world is generally led to believe that working men's clubs are nearly all insolvent, and their members nearly all reckless. But neither Mr. Tidd Pratt nor any of the gentlemen who make these statements has attempted to produce a remedy for a state of things, which, if it really exists, is very deplorable. Nothing easier than fault-finding; nothing more difficult than a sufficient cure for the fault, when found. In the volume before us an attempt is made, for the first time, to look the whole question fully and fairly in the face. Mr. Hardwick, the author, is well known as a lecturer and writer on the subject of friendly societies; an important paper of his having been read at the

Social Science Conference last year, and various articles from his pen having appeared from time to time in magazines. Bringing, as he tells us in his preface, nearly twenty years' experience to his task, and having been intimately connected with the Manchester Unity of Odd Fellows, the largest association in the world, he has produced a work which must for all practical purposes soon become the text-book of the provident working classes. Beginning at the beginning, Mr. Hardwick traces the history of friendly societies from the earliest times, and shows by unmistakable "facts and figures" wherein consists the chance of their permanence and the conditions necessary to their security. He by no means blinks the objections that have been urged against the meeting of these societies in taverns and public-houses, and does not deny that in many instances much money has been squandered in useless show and paraphernalia. But he meets the objections by fair argument, and declares that in order to benefit the working classes, provident institutions must be brought to the men, if the men will not otherwise come to the institutions. He shows how, by the example of his own society, the benefit fund may and ought to be separated from the management expense (or incidental) fund; how and what graduated rates of subscription should be paid by members of various ages for certain fixed sums during sickness and at death; how to calculate the assets and liabilities of a "lodge," "court," or "order;" how the science termed "vital statistics" may be made plain to the minds of the uneducated; and how existing imperfections may be removed, and the self-dependent principle on which friendly societies are based may be practically developed. When we consider the importance of the subject discussed in this volume, we cannot dismiss it with a mere word of recognition, much less treat it with neglect. We find that every third man in the United Kingdom is a member of some provident "order" or institution—Freemasons, Odd-Fellows, Foresters, Old Friends, Druids, Ancient Shepherds, and what not,—and are made aware of the remarkable fact that, in the aggregate, these societies are in the receipt of an annual revenue, computed at upwards of 4,000,000*l.* And not only so, but that the "secret societies" ramify all over the world wherever Englishmen are to be found. The Manchester Unity of Old Fellows alone numbers about 300,000 members, while the Foresters are not fewer in number than 170,000. The objects of these, and similar associations, are the insurance of a sum of money at death (generally 10*l.*), with a smaller sum (generally 5*l.*) at the death of a wife; the relief of members, during sickness and old age (generally 10*s.* weekly for the first twelve months), and a provision for members while travelling in search of employment, or when in distressed circumstances. Beyond these benefits, several of the affiliated societies possess special funds for the granting of annuities to the widows and orphans of members; and doubtless these associations save to society generally many thousands of pounds in the one item of poor-rates. Their "secrets" consist principally in some quaint modes—by a peculiar shake of the hand, or "grip," as it is called, &c.—of recognising a fellow member or "brother," and the possession of "passwords," &c., whereby strangers are prevented entering their places of meeting. If, as Mr. Hardwick somewhat forcibly puts it, the self-governed friendly societies presented no greater contribution to the cause of social progress than the practical education afforded to their members by the continual exercise of the executive function and self-legislation, they deserve the support of every true friend of law and order, and of moral and intellectual advancement. As regards mere literary performance, Mr. Hardwick's "Manual for Friendly Societies" is, on the whole, very satisfactory; his standpoint being rather that of an historian than advocate. The work deserves the careful consideration of the learned in social science, no less than the study of the provident working-men for whom it has been written.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

All the Year Round, Vol. 1. royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
An Account of the Grand Parties given by the Lion, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.  
Arnold (T. K.), Introduction to Greek Prose Composition, 9th ed. 8vo. 5s. 6d.  
Atwell (H.), Manual of General History for Schools, 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Autobiography of a Beggar Boy, 4th ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Bach Bahar in Hindustani. Edited by Forbes, post 8vo. 5s.  
Baynes (P.), Christian Life, Social and Individual, 2nd ed. post 8vo. 1s. 6d.  
Beane (E. & J.), Introduction to Geography and Astronomy, 12th ed. 12mo. 5s. Key, 2s. 6d.  
Beane (E. & J.), Introduction to use of the Globes, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Bryan's Pilgrim's Progress. Edited by Kingley, illustrated by C. H. Bennett, 4to. 21s.  
Brewell (H.), Second Series of Hand Shadows to be Thrown on the Wall, 4to. 2s. 6d.  
Cochrane (J.), Manual of Family and Private Devotion, 6th ed. post 8vo. 4s.  
Cordell (Mrs.), Memorable Women; the Story of their Lives, 3rd ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Copples (G.), Hinchbridge Haunted: a Country Story, post 8vo. 1s. 6d.  
De Firas (V.), Beautés des Ecritures Françaises, 9th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
De Firas (V.), New French Grammar, 18th ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Desmaux (L.), Class Book of English Prose, 2 Parts, 12mo. 2s. 6d. 1 Vol. 4s. 6d.  
De Porquet (L. P.), Modern Parisian Phraseology, 27th ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
De Porquet (L. P.), New Parisian Grammar, 23rd ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Derry: a Tale of the Revolution, by Charlotte Elizabeth, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Edgeworth (M.), Parent's Assistant, new ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Erick's Tyronis Latin and English Dictionary, new ed. square, 1s. 6d.  
Errors of the Church of Rome, by a Convert from Rome, 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Ewing (T.), System of Geography, 19th ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d., with map, 1s.  
Fishes (D.), Hindustani Dictionary, new ed. royal 8vo. 36s.  
Francis (J. G.), Beach Rambles in Search of Sea-Side Pebbles and Crystals, 16mo. 3s.  
Gardner (Mrs.), Emile; the Peacemaker, 3rd ed. 18mo. 1s. 6d.  
Gleig's School Series: Hunter (J.), Elements of Mensuration, 18mo. 8d.  
Graduated Series of Reading Lesson Books, Book 4, 12mo. 2s. 6d.  
Gustaf (T. C.), Civilized America, 2nd ed. 2 vols. 8vo. 28s.  
Great Western Railway of Canada, 1s.  
Hamilton's Housekeeping Book, 1850, 1s. and 1s. 6d.  
Hammoun Colouring, as applied to Photography, 2nd ed. 12mo. 1s.  
Hate to the Rescue; or, Work while it is Day, 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Herbert (G.), Works, Prose and Verse, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.  
Hillinghead (J.), Under How Bell; a City Book, post 8vo. 6s.  
Hook (T.), Gervase Skinner; or, the Sign of Economy, new ed. 12mo. 1s. 6d.  
Hood (E.), The Lady's Tumbler Book, 8vo. 4s.  
Hosketh (F. C.), The Life of St. Walstan, Confessor, 1s.  
Imagination, how is it related to Revelation and Reason? 8vo. 2s.  
Kiley (W. D.), The Ancient Church, its History, Doctrines, and Worship, 8vo. 12s.  
Kilgus (Rev. C.), Miscellanies (reprinted from "Fraser," &c.), 2 vols. crown 8vo. 18s.  
Kington (H. G.), Will Weatherhelm; or, the Yarn of an Old Sailor, 12mo. 5s.  
Kirk (E. N.), Lectures on the Parables of our Saviour, 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Little Sun's Six Birthdays, new ed. 12mo. 4s. 6d.  
Lyon (Captain), Rocks and Shells, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.  
Maudie (J. W.), Visit to the Scenose of the Revivals in Ireland, 8vo. 1s.  
The Brown Maids; or, the First Hosier and his Hosen, post 8vo. 10s.  
Our Heavenly Home, by the Author of "God is Love," 12mo. 5s.  
Oste (J.), The Mysterious Stranger; or, Dialogues on Doctrine, 8vo. 1s.  
Parker (Mrs.), Bentley Priory, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.  
Parker (Mrs.), Wallace, and his Times, 2nd ed. 12mo. 3s. 6d.  
Paton (J. O.), Sermon on the Opening of Freemasons' Hall, Leicester, 1s.  
Pines of Peace; or, Lays of Bethlehem, post 8vo. 5s.  
Rivers (T.), Orchard House Cultivation of Fruit Trees in Pots, 6th ed. 12mo. 3s.  
Scott (Sir W.), Tales of a Grandfather, 2 vols. in 1, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.  
Smith (C. C.), County Courts' Practice, post 8vo. 1s.  
Statutes at Large, Vol. 24, Part 3, 22 & 23 Vict. 1859, 4to. 12s. 6d.  
Taylor (E.), England and its People, 5th ed. 18mo. 3s. 6d.  
Thomson (Mrs.), Rosabel; a Novel, 12mo. 2s.  
Trach (R. C.), Select English Glossary, Words and Phrases, 2nd ed. 12mo. 4s.  
Tudal Library: Tricks of Trade in Adulteration of Food, 12mo. 1s.  
Welcome Guest, 1st Series, Vol. 2, royal 8vo. 5s.  
Wicks (C.), Spikes and Towers of the Mediaeval Churches of England, 4to. 41s. 6d.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

In their list of new publications, Messrs. Hurst & Blackett announce the following works in preparation:—"Poems," by the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," by engravings by Birket Foster; "The Upper and Lower Amoor, a Narrative of Travel and Adventure," by Mr. Atkinson, author of "Oriental and Western Siberia," in 2 vols., with numerous illustrations; the "Life and Times of George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham," by Mrs. Thomson; "Pictures of Sporting Life and Character," by Lord William Lennox; "Mr. and Mrs. Asheton," a novel, by the author of "Margaret and her Bridesmaids;" and New Works of Fiction by the Hon. Mrs. Norton, Miss Kavanagh, Mrs. Howitt, Mrs. S. C. Hall, the Author of "Margaret Maitland," &c. The next volume of Hurst & Blackett's Standard Library will comprise Sam Slick's "Wise Saws and Modern Instances."

A correspondent of the *Photographic News* has diametrically contradicted many of the interesting statements made by Captain Osborn in his work, "A Cruise in Japanese Waters;" and indeed this writer, if trustworthy, puts Captain Osborn entirely below criticism as an observer and careful historian:

"Before I go further, I may as well correct some very erroneous notices on the subject of the manners of Japanese women, which I find from some German newspapers received here, are current in England. If these newspapers are correctly informed, it appears that some

of the gentlemen connected with the embassy, which arrived here some months back, have spoken of having met ladies in public gardens, and of their great amiability, and so on. Now, Japanese ladies never go to these places; the females who do frequent them are just as much entitled to the appellation as are those of the same sex who frequent similar gardens in the suburbs of London, if I may believe what was told me respecting these latter by a most respectable Englishman during my visit to your city. As to their amiability, I do not believe it to be assumed; it is a national characteristic, which in them is not kept down by any feeling of irritation arising from a sense of their degraded position; for the simple reason that, judged by the Japanese standard of morality, their occupation is not one to inspire either pity or contempt. Nay, more; among this class are to be found some of the best educated and accomplished women in Japan, upon whose education considerable sums of money have been expended by the men or women who purchased them, when children, from their parents. The women who were seen to take their bath in the open air must have belonged to this class, and though the gentlemen who saw these things may imagine that all the women were alike whom they saw, I must beg to assure them that they did not see respectable women at all; these remain in-doors generally in the morning, and when they go out to pay visits rarely or never walk. These gentlemen may perhaps think that if they were mistaken, the immorality which exists in Japan is very great, and unfortunately this is so; but it must be borne in mind that Christianity is now unknown here, and that it is hardly fair to judge them by a European standard.

The Oxford, Cambridge, and Middle Class Reporter has the following observations with considerable respect to the middle-class examinations:

"Those who have attacked the old University system of classics and mathematics, as enforcing an exploded course of knowledge, have yet been compelled to admit that, as a basis for mental exercise and discipline, no substitutes could be found for it. But we live in an utilitarian age, and it is but just that English history should be at least as well known as Grecian; Mill, Descartes, Newton, Locke, and Bacon as well studied as Aristotle, Cicero, Euclid, Lucretius, and Pliny. Now the comparison between the centres of manual culture and agriculture furnishes curious data. At both Liverpool and Exeter we find an equal proportion in classics and mathematics; in other words, both places accept the common ground of an academical basis; but the instant the idiosyncrasies of the two populations develop themselves, the one issues a larger number of readers in physical science, the other predominates in the elegant accomplishments of music and the pencil. Drawing, architecture, and the love of the fine arts, abound in the cities of Exeter and Gloucester, where the admiration of the antique grew beneath the walls of old cathedrals, and music spoke to the heart in the inimitable cadences of a master age; chemistry, on the other hand, the application of the newest discoveries to social need or national change, flourishes in Liverpool, the vastness of which city is a type of the growth of its people in qualities sternly alive to the actual demands of the day.

Messrs. Saunders, Otley, & Co., announce for publication in the present month "Nelly Carew," a novel, by Miss Power, "The Memoirs of a Lady in Waiting," a novel by the author of "Adventures of Mrs. Colonel Somerset in Caffraria;" "Terne," a novel, in three vols.; "Helen Lester," a novel; a translation of Balzac's "César Birotteau;" "Pre-adamite Man;" "On the Steep Alp," a collection of Swiss Legends; "Echoes from the Harp of France," by Mrs. Carey.

Mr. Skeet announces, for the forthcoming season, "Literary Reminiscences and Memoirs of Thomas Campbell," by Cyrus Redding; "Travels in Morocco," by the late James Richardson; "My Study Chair; or, Memoirs of Men and Books," by the late D. O. Madgyn, Esq.; "Four Years in Burmah," by W. H. Marshall, Esq., late Editor of the *Rangoon Chronicle*; "Too Much Alone," by F. G. Trafford; "Stockwell House; or, Keeping up Appearances," by Cyrus Redding; "Before the Dawn," by Kate Crichton.

"IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."—The author of this work informs the lovers of justice that it never was his wish to be unjust, even in fiction, to any one alive or dead, nor will he perpetuate any tangible injustice into which partial evidence or just but intemperate anger has betrayed him. Unfortunately, the first printed remonstrances against his book were so ridiculously wholesale, and combined with so much fraud and suppression of truth, that Mr. Reade, shocked by their general character of cunning and equivocation, condemned them in the lump, and dismissed them—too hastily; for he has since learned, from more respectable sources, that one of those remonstrances was just. Mr. Reade no sooner got this reliable information than he at once condemned a portion of the stereotype plates of both his editions. The sentences which reflect on some

learned judge for deferring a sentence, and transferring it to London, and to judges who had not heard the evidence, will never re-issue. The author was told at the time an ex-judge in the House of Peers had objected to the course taken, and relying on this, and common sense, and on the lamentable result, he wrote in wrath what he has now cancelled (at some expense) on better evidence, and sincerely regrets to have written. It seems it was the custom; and clearly no judge is to be blamed for a custom which he has not originated. The sentence of the five judges is another matter; Mr. Reade views it still, as he did three years ago, as every French and Prussian judge would view it now, and as every English judge who is now in his cradle will view it forty years hence. It has been asserted by implication, in a pert little weekly, that Mr. Reade is the only writer whom that judgment revolved. This is to compliment him at the expense of his contemporaries. Refer to the journals and weeklies of the period, and you will find that the Press, unanimous in so few things, agreed to condemn that monstrous sentence. Mr. Reade went upon good evidence in condemning a certain inspector of prisons; but he has lately obtained better evidence from an accidental and purely private source, that the said inspector's conduct was the reverse of what appears on the surface of the evidence. That gentleman may count not only on the obnoxious sentences being expunged, but on a public *amende* in some work of a greater weight. As to the current statement that Mr. Reade intended his gaol to be identified with Birmingham gaol—it is incorrect. This was arrived at by weighing the "pros" and ignoring the "cons," viz., the characters and incidents taken from other gaols, and the physical description of the building, which is irreconcilable with Birmingham gaol. "Ex notis fictum carcerem secutus est." And, nota bene, five gaols have fitted the cap on. But as to the distinct statement that Mr. Reade's prison is "a libel on Birmingham;" that the cruelties he paints are greater and more numerous than ever took place in Birmingham gaol; it is an impudent lie. Birmingham gaol was by no means the worst of those English hells whose dark history is known to Mr. Reade; but it was a worse place than the gaol in "Never too late to Mend;" and this Mr. Reade pledges himself to prove as soon as he can see his way to combine the proof with matter useful to the public. But he cannot afford to throw great stones at little birds. He cannot write a book merely to expose one heartless ass, and five or six echoes. [This notice is inserted at Mr. Reade's request.—Ed. L. G.]

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

SIR,—In the course of a review in your number for September 24th last, of a recent publication, entitled, "Realities of Paris Life," the reviewer challenged the author to avow himself manfully, and give full particulars by which a charge might be substantiated or disproved, which, the reviewer says, is repeated more than once in that work, to the effect that the present Protestant Archbishop of Dublin, Dr. Whately, actually forbid his clergy to approach such of his parishioners as were attacked by infectious diseases, alleging that the sick bed—and therefore most of all, the death-bed—is no place for such ministry. "Their business is to preach the Gospel."

The review supposes the writer to be of the male sex; but the work is the production of a lady. This may account for the authoress not having so far come forward to substantiate her assertion. In these circumstances, perhaps, you will not object to insert the following in her defence, from one who knows who the authoress is, but has no personal knowledge of her, nor has ever had any correspondence with her.

The document referred to was an official letter "To the Protestant Clergy of the Archdiocese of Dublin," addressed to them by Archbishop Whately, and dated, "Dublin, May 4th, 1852." It was the time when the cholera was raging fearfully, and Dr. Whately professes in it to give



his views as to the duty of the Protestant clergy in relation to the visitation of the sick. It contains the following passages :

"It is our business to preach the gospel—to instruct men in its doctrines—to admonish the erroneous and irreligious—to rouse the sluggish—to comfort the weak-hearted. But, for all these offices, the bed of pain and sickness, and especially the death-bed, are the very least fitted. It is not for the sake of saving yourselves trouble and disquiet, but for the sake of saving men's souls from being lost through a fatal delusion, that I wish you continually and earnestly to exhort them not to trust to a death-bed repentance—not to think of gaining a knowledge of their religion when the mind is enfeebled by bodily weakness and distracted by bodily pain; not to think of 'working out their salvation' when the night cometh in which no man can work—not to imagine that a minister's praying over them and reading to them, and administering to them in their last moments the holy Sacrament, which they had till then obstinately refused, will be accepted as a substitute for a Christian life."

"I should say that a Protestant, who considers himself to be labouring under any infectious disease, is bound to abstain from exposing his pastor to the risk of infection; believing, as every Protestant is bound to do, that there is nothing in his religion at all corresponding to the extreme unction of the Romish Church. When the foolish virgins in the parable found their lamps going out, it was in vain that they applied to their companions for assistance, just when the bridegroom was at hand."

The authoress of the "Realities of Paris Life" has gone perhaps too far in asserting that the Protestant minister is actually forbidden by ecclesiastical authority to approach those attacked by infectious diseases, but it must be admitted that when the clergy are told that the bed of pain, and especially the death-bed are the very best fitted for their offices, and when the laity are told that they are bound to abstain from exposing their pastor to the risk of infection, such injunctions or imprecations amount to very little short of a prohibition. I make no comment on the Archbishop's letter, my object being merely to substantiate the charge of the authoress. I will only utter one complaint, which cannot appear unreasonable, that the reviewer does not content himself with fair representations of the faith and practice of Catholics, to which no one could object; but while protesting against "stabbing in the dark," and "anonymous defamation," unjustly imputes to Catholics doctrines which they do not hold—for instance, respecting purgatory, and practices which they utterly abhor, such as payment for absolution, and the purchase of indulgences. My name I leave with the editor. It may suffice for the reader that I am a very old subscriber to the LITERARY GAZETTE, and "A CATHOLIC."

[We give admission to this letter, as it comes from an old and respected correspondent. We do not think that he has made out his case, although we candidly acknowledge that we regret deeply Dr. Whately has not sufficiently guarded himself from being misunderstood on an important point.—ED. LITERARY GAZETTE.]

To the Editor of the LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sir,—The following remarks are the translation of a German notice I printed in a periodical called the *Morgenblatt* (published by Baron Cotta of Tübingen in December 1853), with very few additions, which I would largely have increased did the space at my disposal permit. They may in the meantime serve as an instalment of a work I have long had in preparation on the three missing years of Shakspeare's life from 1586 to 1589.

It is a belief amongst our English commentators of the immortal poet, raised now almost to a certainty, that he could not have passed his entire life in England; that his manifoldly cultivated talents, the richness of thought and experiences which show throughout his works, his knowledge of the world, and his instructiveness for all countries and every age were not gathered solely on his native soil. He himself teaches us

"Home-keeping youth have ever homely wit," and puts into the mouth of a father about to send a son on his travels the following sentences :

"I have considered well his loss of time,  
And how he cannot be a proper man  
Not being tried and tutored in the world."

Mr. J. Payne Collier, one of the most industrious inquirers into the facts connected with Shakspeare's life, and who has just now, by a new edition of the poet with a thousand new glosses

from a supposed cotemporary annotator, put the critical world into such a commotion, leaves indeed the entire question undecided; but mentions with much praise the confident language of Mr. Brown in Shakspeare's Autobiographical Poems in 1838 in this direction, and which this gentleman published immediately after his Italian journey, for the purpose of proving that Shakspeare could not have avoided travelling in Italy, and having been personally well acquainted with it. The necessity of being brief prevents me going into the specialities of Mr. Brown's proofs, but they are to him of such great subjective authority that he says "nothing shall rob him of the assurance that William Shakspeare lived some portion of his life in Italy, and moreover just before he wrote the 'Merchant of Venice.'"

Now, I am with him and other commentators in the belief that the poet passed some portion of his life in foreign countries, but differ entirely both as to the time and locality from them, and I will, with all possible brevity, give the reasons of my views.

Mr. J. Payne Collier says in his biography of Shakspeare, that the three years of his life from 1586 to 1589 are a complete blank, and that, namely, from the period when he was forced to flee from his native town, forsaking wife and family, to his appearance as joint proprietor with fourteen others at the theatre at Blackfriars in 1589, we have a complete chasm which no industry or inquiries have been able to fill up.

This is, however, easily explainable; for as Shakspeare on account of repeatedly punished poaching had committed a fault which at home was a felony, and had, at the age of twenty-two, embittered the ill will of Sir Thomas Lucy by his well-known satirical poem, he had no other resource to avoid further anger than a flight not only from Stratford but from his native country altogether. This circumstance, hitherto little regarded, is documented by a nearly cotemporary authority. For two clergymen of the neighbouring county of Gloucester have left materials which they collected for it and adjoining counties, and amongst the rest for Stratford-on-Avon: one of them, the Rev. — Fullman, who died 1688, must have made his examination of the facts, therefore, only fifty or sixty years after Shakspeare, and the Rev. Richard Davies, who continued the investigation about twenty years subsequently. Their collections are preserved in MS. in the library of Corpus Christi College at Oxford, and the excellent facsimile by W. F. Fairholt, published in Mr. J. B. Halliwell's recent edition of the poet's works in folio, gives it as follows :

"William Shakspeare was born at Stratford-upon-Avon in Warwickshire about 1563-4, much given to all unlikelihoods in stealing venison and rabbits particularly, and Sir Thomas Lucy, who had him oft whipt and sometimes imprisoned, and at last made him fly his native country to his great advancement, &c., &c., &c."

We have here, as seems perfectly evident, a precise nearly cotemporary and undeniable testimony not only that the headstrong young husband had suffered frequent punishment, and would have undergone greater, but that he must fly his native country, and in my German version I pledged my knowledge of my native English, that the above words of the Rev. R. Davies could only bear such construction.

That the young husband felt himself irreconcilably hurt by Sir Thomas Lucy's treatment we may judge from another circumstance. All who are acquainted with his works will have no doubt decided from them on a friendly and placable disposition in the writer, and it could therefore have been only an injury of the deepest dye that would have induced him to give so *éclatant* a proof of his revenge as, twenty years later, his character of *Justice Shallow*, a well-known caricature of Sir Thomas, furnishes.

Having now brought our poet so far that he was forced to leave England in 1585-86, the question arises to what country did he fly?

It was in exactly this year that the Earl of Leicester was appointed Lieutenant-General of the forces sent by Queen Elizabeth to the support of the revolted Netherland provinces against Philip II. and Alba: he took with him a

brilliant *cortège*, and with it a large company of comedians, which, under the name of the Earl of Leicester's players, frequently both before and afterwards exhibited performances in Stratford, and were rewarded by the corporation there according to extracts from their accounts. This troop was probably recruited from the towns and villages on the extensive manors of the Earl between Kenilworth and Stratford at no great distance from each other; for we find many Warwickshire names amongst them, and Arden, also the family name of Shakspeare's mother, together with many of his friends. To the necessity therefore of Shakspeare's leaving the country a favourable opportunity offered itself; and, if the anecdote of Aubrey has any truth in it, one that even under less cogent reasons he would gladly embrace. For Aubrey tells us that Shakspeare when a boy, and assisting his father in his profession of a butcher, had to slaughter a sheep or calf, that he did this in high-sounding phrase, and with heroic gestures; nor is it beyond the bounds of probability that the costly mummeries and sumptuous masks exhibited by the Earl of Leicester to celebrate Queen Elizabeth's visit to Kenilworth, as described by Lancham, and made known to all the world in Scott's novel, may have inculcated the boy with a theatrical bent, for the distance was not too great for him to have been a spectator, if not an actor in a youthful part of the pageantry.

We can luckily advance proof of Shakspeare's having been abroad at this time, and in this troop of actors. In the British Museum (Harl. MS. 287, fol. 1) we have in a collection of original letters one from the Earl of Leicester's gallant nephew, Sir Philip Sydney, to Mr. Secretary Walsingham for communication to the countess his aunt about 1586, where, referring to a former letter conveyed by "Lord Lester's jesting player Will," he adds :

"It contained something from my Lord of Lester and council that some wai might be taken to stay my lady there. I since dyvers times have writ to know whether you had received them, but you never answered me that point. I since found that the knave delivered the letters to my Lady of Lester, but whether she sent them you I know not, but earnestly desire to do so, because I doubt there is more interpreted thereof."

In a paper published by the Shakspeare Society, ably written by John Bruce, Esq., and entitled "Who was Will my Lord of Lester's Jestling Player?" three players of the Christian name of Will are discovered, respectively Will Sty, Will Kempe, and Will Shakspeare; and, though Mr. Bruce gives his adherence to Will Kempe as the bringer of the letter, it can make no difference and probably strengthens the matter, as his presence abroad as admitted is sufficient for our purpose.

The Earl of Leicester was recalled in the year following, and his company of comedians returned with him to England, and exhibited again their entertainment to the Stratford corporation, as in 1587 they had a gratuity of fifteen shillings from the town funds. Was William Shakspeare with them? We think not; for if, as we have found the year before, sufficient ground existed for his expatriation, it is not to be supposed that a few months' absence would have hushed up the affair, or condoned his offence. He must necessarily have remained behind, and fortunately opportunity again presented a congenial and desired means.

The industry of Tieck, and Devrient, and others, stimulated by their love for the drama and its professors, has discovered that at the close of the sixteenth century, and more than one hundred years later, troops of actors pervaded Germany, through the width and breadth of the land, performing at the various Courts of Brunswick, Königsberg, and Brandenburg, Vienna, &c.; and in the municipalities of Danzig, Nürnberg, Frankfurt, &c. But the most curious fact in relation to them was that they were throughout distinguished as "the English comedians," — *Englische Comedianten* is their exclusive German designation. The writers above mentioned, Tieck and Devrient, from possibly a patriotic bias to allow as little as was possible of foreign aid to

their vernacular drama, have recourse to the oldest ideas to do away with the direct evidence of this title to the British nationality of the performers.

The former thinks the dialogue must have been in German, though he admits that the first performers may have been real Englishmen, but that they were succeeded by young German clerks of the English Factory at Hamburg; but as far as Shakspeare is concerned, this admission, which need go no farther back than 1586, is sufficient to raise the probability that our poet was one of the earliest performers. This opinion Devrient (*"Geschichte der deutschen Schauspielkunst,"* p. 149) indorses, supposing that these *Englische Comedianten* are found in Germany as early as the middle of the sixteenth century.

The notices of these troops of actors become more frequent with the commencement of the seventeenth century, and when names are mentioned they are undoubtedly English. In 1607, the Elector of Brandenburg commissioned a certain Hans von Stockfleth to procure him certain players from England and Holland, and it appears from the still existing accounts that he brought together a troop of nineteen persons, one of whom, with the name of John Spenser, undoubtedly proves a British nationality. In Lesner's *"Chronik,"* p. 354, we read:

"1612, from the 20th to 23rd October.—Sundry Englishmen, of the ordinary comedians of the Landgrave of Hessen, have given here in the Halsprung court various pretty and hitherto in Germany unknown comedies, together with a fine and amusing music."

In 1639, the Emperor Ferdinand II. gives a privilege for acting plays at Vienna to William Lowe, John Winde, Gellius, and Robert Casse.

More instances might be adduced, but they are later and would only extend the proof without varying its character.

There exist also, as is well-known, collections published in Germany of early plays; one of which bears the title, *"Englische Comedien und Tragedien, d.i., Schr schöne auferlöste Geist- und weltliche Comedien und Tragedi-Spiel, sampt dem Pickelhering, welche wegen ihrer artigen Inventionen, kurzweiligen auch theils wahrhaftigen Geschichte halber, von den Engelländern in Deutschland königlichen Chur- und Fürstlichen Höfen, auch in vornehmen Reichs-See- und Handels-Städten seien agiert und gehalten worden, und zuvor nie in Druck ausgegangen."* (*"English Comedies and Tragedies: i.e., famous spiritual and worldly Comedies and Tragedy plays, with the clown, which on account of their clever plots, their entertaining and partly true history have been holden and acted by the English in Germany before royal electoral and princely courts, and also in the principal imperial and trading towns, and have never before been brought out in print."*)

We must certainly feel astonished after such express testimony of English nationality, both for the actors and their performances, that any doubt should exist that these were really given in the English tongue. Such doubt may principally have arisen from the difficulty of a foreign language being sufficiently comprehended by a German audience. If we, however, take into account that the language was doubtlessly assisted by profuse gesticulation, and interlarded with singing, which the announcement at Nürnberg of a *"Liebliche Musik"* supposes, and that the low German, dialect, then vernacular throughout Germany, comes much nearer to our present English than the modern high German book language, and three centuries since was almost unaltered (see my *"Shakspeare's Puck and his Folklore,"* Vol. I., p. 4), it is unnecessary to call up the analogies of modern Italian operas in transalpine countries, or Latin masses in churches of every language, to believe in the sufficient attraction of a new mode of bringing out historical or fictitious events, aided with dresses, scenery, and decorations, before a foreign but willing audience.

Herr Tieck, according to the account Herr A. Cohn has given in the *Athenæum* (of 1853), said that he had unluckily mislaid his note of an account in the Dresden MSS., of such a troop of comedians with the names of the performers; it would be

very desirous that the search should be renewed not only in Dresden, but in chancelleries of every German court, of which we have any notice that these performers acted. It would be an eternal honour to any one in which, under a heap of mouldering parchments, the immortal name of William Shakspeare should be found connected with its pleasures and instruction, or that our famous poet had there fledged the firstlings of his genius.

I should particularly recommend such an examination to the town of Nürnberg, for it is undoubted that some of Shakspeare's pieces have their plots in common with some of the oldest German plays, and especially those written by Jacob Ayer, citizen and notary of that city. Devrient tells us that it has been lately proved that Ayer died at Nürnberg in 1605, eleven years therefore earlier than Shakspeare, and some believe him born in 1570; if we, therefore, suppose the date of some of these pieces at ten years before his death, when he was twenty-five, we then gain the exact year at which Shakspeare is believed to have written his earliest piece, and as from the general want of ready international communication, it does not seem probable that Shakspeare should have had sufficient knowledge of them, or Ayer of those of Shakspeare, to have in either case committed a plagiarism on the other, we can scarcely come to any other conclusion than that both must have a common source, which Shakspeare alone could have found in Germany, for Ayer never left his native land. The *Tempest* has much in accordance with the *Schöne Sidea* of Ayer, and Shakspeare's *Measure for Measure* with the *Phenissa* of the Nürnberg notary. In the *Taming of the Shrew*, the speech of *Grumio* describing *Petruchio's* journey homeward with his wedded *Catharine*, is but a beautiful abbreviation of a very prolix account of the same event given in the *"Allddeutscher Lieder Saal"* of Freiherr von Lassberg, just published from a parchment codex of the library of the University of Königsberg, of the date of 1525, called the *"Zornbraten,"* which Bechstein has given in a prose version in his *"Deutsches Märchenbuch,"* Leipzig, 1850, 12mo.

But perhaps the strongest proofs of Shakspeare's residence and studies in Germany are subjective ones from his own works. Hints of German manners, allusions to German usages and mythology, use of German words, phrases, and constructions in a sense unusual before him, are frequent; they are throughout stumbling-blocks to commentators from the ignorance, not merely of modern Germanisms, but of the low dialect of the language formerly in universal use. The wonderful creation of his *Puck* is but the beautiful adornment of an inexhaustible fancy spread over the general belief of a tutelary spirit universally prevalent long before his period, and existing at the present day under exactly this name, as I have shown in my work above quoted, with the same merry mischievous pranks which make the *Midsummer Night's Dream* so attractive. No Mecklenberg or Pomeranian skipper goes to sea without mostly a green tree frog in a bottle, which he calls his *Puk*, as his *Schutzgeist*.

It would exceed my prescribed bounds to give instances of these verbal or factual analogies, and to prove them Germanisms. Even English jokes shine through the German plays; thus I recollect reading one character, by name *Bully Butwin*, which rather puzzled me at first, till I called to mind my early pleasure in witnessing a circus of horse-riders, and the invariable applause accorded to the escapades of *Billy Button* on his journey to Brentford. In the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, Bottom, the weaver, says of his dream, "it shall be called *Bottom's* dream, because it hath no bottom;" now, this is a very old German pun applied to the Lake of Constance, in common parlance, *der Bodensee weil Bodentlos*.

These proofs must be deferred till I have completed a complete anthology of the above Germanisms in words and facts, which I am preparing, and hope soon to finish under the title of *THE THREE MISSING YEARS IN THE LIFE OF SHAKSPEARE*.  
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# FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, October 19th.

THE violent feelings excited in the Catholic clergy here by what is passing in the Romagna, has (what would hardly be thought) had a rather amusing episode mixed up with it. In his too long, too angry, but otherwise eloquent *"Protestation,"* the Bishop of Orleans had the absurdity to allude to M. About's book upon Rome, and in reply to this, the said M. About has, in his new *feuilleton*, in the newspaper, *L'Opinion Nationale*, aimed a reply at the Bishop of Orleans, in which there is one passage that excites a universal burst of laughter throughout France. It is this: the prelate had mentioned M. About, as the *collaborateur* of a journal that "lived by scandal," and to this M. About replies that "such papers as *Le Figaro* do not reach him?" Now, it should be premised that, for a long while M. About had small means of existence out of what the payment of his bi-weekly *"chroniques"* in the said *Figaro* furnished him with, so that this ridiculous answer of his has provoked the mirth of the whole town. Besides which, M. About ventures to hint at the possibility of his being one day a colleague of the Bishop of Orleans at the *Académie Française*, an idea, the bare mention whereof seems preposterous to French minds.

*Apropos* to M. About (whom it is reported the *"Figaro"* is going to pulverize by its revelations), there is a passage in his literary history which is worth knowing, for it shows to what a pitch the fear of every passing breath is carried in the Bonapartist camp. M. About was, as I said, the chronicle writer of the *Figaro* when the late Archbishop of Paris was assassinated. He gave an account of it in his *feuilleton* as he would have done of a ball at Mdme. de Morny's, or of a steeple-chase, or of any other most ephemeral and frivolous occurrence; it "fell under his pen," as the phrase runs here, and he made the best of it. But in doing so, he spoke of Verger, the assassin, as having "had recourse to the only mode of assassination that ever succeeds," namely stabbing! He quoted the examples of Juvet, Jacques Clement, Ravallac, &c., and pleasantly alluded to the fact that "the dagger or knife" was always the instrument of the artists in homicide who do their work properly! This no doubt did seem very witty and felicitous to M. About, but it appeared much less so to M. Fould, the minister of state, and it cost the *chroniqueur* his place. He was sent for to the ministry of state, and paternally admonished (he being one of the few literary pets of the Imperialist government), and he was told that by his imprudent language he was putting into men's heads that they ought to assassinate the Emperor, *à l'arme blanche!* The announcement rather astonished M. About, but it cost him something like 250l. a-year, which his post at the *Figaro* was worth, and was, it is said, one of the causes of his book on Rome. M. Fould, anxious to do a good turn to a "rising young man" despatched him to Rome with secret service money and plenty of recommendations, to "do" the Pope and the Cardinals, which he accordingly did in the volume which made such a noise last winter. The book itself was noticed at some length in THE LITERARY GAZETTE at the time, and I will not enter into its merits or demerits—but this was, I believe, the manner of its starting into life; and it is for having been ordered, as it were, and paid for by the government, that the Bishop of Orleans alluded to it in his protestation.

To turn from the high dignitaries of the Church to persons of a very different class and standing in society, there is a curious negotiation that has been going on latterly with Roger, the late tenor of the Grand Opéra, whose right arm, as I told you, had to be amputated three months since in consequence of an accident whilst out shooting.

The Théâtre Lyrique took into its head to get up Mozart's *Don Juan*, with Mdme. Viardot as Donna Anna, Mdme. Miolan as Zerlina, and Roger as Don Juan. It was suggested that in the Spanish costume it would be very easy to throw a cloak round the Don's shoulder, and thus hide the arm which has been supplied by art; and Roger



took to the idea, and was preparing to make a decided "hit" in Mozart's hero, when there came the question of the finances, and the sum of 120,000 francs was modestly required for six months by the celebrated tenor's wife; M<sup>me</sup>. Roger at the same time hinted that a couple of hundred pounds for herself,—as a sort of purchase of "good will," I presume,—might be agreeably added to the 5000*l.* that was asked for her husband; for, said she, "Roger is now worth more money than he ever was!" And this is true. His voice having failed him, he was certain not to be engaged at the Grand Opéra, and he would scarcely have found anywhere else a second-rate engagement. But for a tenor, whose arm has been shot off, and who is to sing either with an arm made to look like a real one, or without an arm at all, people will do a great deal, and it was clear that for a short time any director would do a profitable thing for himself who should secure the services of the *ex-grand chanteur*. But this would of course be a limited source of gain; for if singers do not "sing with their arms," as a witty French lady said of Duprez towards the close of his career, still less do they sing without them, and therefore Roger's *succès* stood a chance of being soon compromised, and the manager of the Théâtre Lyrique withstood the temptation to give 120,000 francs to have *Don Juan* sung at his theatre for six months.

A tremendous "revival" here has been that of Alexandre Dumas the elder's drama of *La Reine Margot*, at the Porte St. Martin. This really interesting piece was brought out just before the Revolution of February, 1848, at a theatre built on purpose for it by Dumas, then called the Théâtre Historique, and which is now the very Théâtre Lyrique of which I have been speaking. *La Reine Margot* and *Les Girondins* were the only two pieces ever given at the house in question, and they heralded in the Revolution, which is the reason why some ultra-imperialists say the government ought not to have allowed *La Reine Margot* to be given now, it being of bad omen.

It is of no bad omen, however, to the theatre of the Porte St. Martin, for it draws densely crowded houses, is magnificently got up, and admirably performed. Rouvière (known as the French *Hamlet*) acts the part of Charles IX., and Madame Doche that of *Queen Margot*, which suits her very well, the said royal lady having been about as thorough-going a *Dame aux Camélias* as was to be found in the sixteenth century, which is saying a good deal.

In spite of the unconsciousness of Alexandre Dumas the elder, and of his *parti pris* of disfiguring everything connected with the national history of France, it cannot be denied that this piece of *La Reine Margot* is a very clever one, in which, probably in spite of himself, the author has faithfully reproduced the *couleur locale* of the period he paints. An evening is by no means ill-spent in seeing this drama of the Porte St. Martin.

But I am in haste to come to something I witnessed last night, and which is a thing not to be passed over unnoticed. I witnessed the *début* of a very young girl (not more than seventeen) who, if I am not mistaken, is destined to be the M<sup>lle</sup>. Mars of our day. It is true she has a hereditary right to her talent. The girl I speak of is M<sup>lle</sup>. Bressant, the daughter of Bressant, the world-famous *premier amoureux* of the Théâtre Français. Bressant is the last of the race of grand gentlemen of the stage, many representatives whereof have been celebrated in France, and whereof John Kemble has been handed down with us as the most perfect type. Bressant is, I should say, the most perfect gentleman on the stage; it is a question with me whether one might not say, "or off it either," the profession of being a fine gentleman seeming to be an unfollowed one in our epoch. Bressant is what the French call "*La distinction*" personified, and he has known how to transmit his best qualities to his daughter. The girl is a sweet, lovely creature, fresh and innocent-looking, and genuinely, naturally lady-like. She has the air, the walk, the gestures, and all the minor attributes no one would dream of

teaching her, of a real lady, and I have never yet seen, on any stage in this country, an actress I thought of such immense promise. She seems to me the Rachel of high comedy. The tone of her voice is something delightful, variable in the extreme, and always full of charm. Her manner of speaking too, and pronunciation (very rare in France), are quite natural, free from all affectation, and not apparently learnt from another person. It is impossible to see M<sup>lle</sup>. Bressant, and not feel that all the father is in her; but, at the same time, it is impossible not to admire the consummate art with which he has cultivated her talent so as to make it seem that all comes from herself alone.

I perceive I have forgotten to tell you where the *début* I mention took place. It was at the Vaudeville, in a piece entitled *Les Dettes du Cœur*, by M. Maquet, a very inferior production. The part awarded to the new *débütante* is a strange one for this country. It is that of a young girl, who, having only a paralytic mother, is forced into an independence not usual in French unmarried women. This *nunance* of the girl-woman, this mixture of innocence and *aplomb*, was admirably conceived and rendered by M<sup>lle</sup>. Bressant, and I cannot describe the charm, the fascination of her ways in certain situations.

"All Paris" that is as yet in Paris was at the Vaudeville last night, and I do not think I ever witnessed so happy a *début*. There was not admiration alone, there was a sort of respectful sympathy for the youthful actress, which I do not remember having ever seen before in a French audience.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### FLATOU'S COLLECTION OF MODERN PAINTINGS.

ABOUT this time last year was commenced the experiment, whether a collection of oil-paintings selected, some from the public exhibitions of the previous season, and others direct from the studios of our leading artists, would, if planted in the very heart of the City, attract at once visitors and purchasers sufficient to "answer the purpose" of a shrewd speculator. The result, we may suppose, was satisfactory, since Mr. Flatou has again opened Messrs. Leggatt's Gallery, "over against Garraway's" far-famed Coffee House, with a fresh selection of modern British pictures, for the most part new (at least to the City), and for the most part good. In all there are about a hundred and fifty paintings, mainly of cabinet size, and, in subject as well as size, fitted for the drawing-room rather than the gallery: pleasant household pictures, dealing with ordinary every day life, external nature, and the more cheerful pages of our poets, novelists, and historians. Among the painters are some twenty of the more popular Academicians and Associates, with a pretty sprinkling of members of the Society of British Artists, and others whose names are familiar to visitors to the exhibitions; but somewhat oddly, seeing how prominently they usually occur now-a-days, not a single pre-Raphaelite, so far as we noticed, is to be found among them.

In strolling through the room, a couple of companion pictures fresh from the easel of Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., and illustrating passages in Dickens's "Little Dorrit," will on account of their novelty perhaps first attract attention. One is "The Prison at Marseilles" (47), where the jailer carries his little daughter to the grated window to put in the husky bread for John Baptist, and the white loaves, wine, sausage, and tobacco for that "lucky bird, Monsieur Rigaud." It is treading rather dangerous ground to paint a scene already so vividly brought before the eye in words as that sharply drawn little picture of Dickens's. But Frith has made a very pretty Friethian picture of it, taking as might be expected the sunny side of the scene, and showing very little of the shadow. The little daughter is as charming a child as Frith usually paints, with a delicious admixture of curiosity and undefined dread as she shrinks back in her father's arms from the gaze of Monsieur Rigaud. The jailer, too, is the very ideal of a French official—costume, pose,

physiognomy, manner, all perfect. But as to Monsieur Rigaud, though his "moustache goes up under his nose, and his nose comes down over his moustache," it is, if the truth must be told, certainly not "in a very sinister and cruel manner." Mr. Frith cannot paint sinister and cruel looks. He has done his best (or worst), but his villain has rather the look of an imprisoned patriot than one on whom "Nature has set her mark—Beware!" and whose last little adventure was assisting his wife over the cliffs. However, the picture is made by the child and her father, and, as we said at first, a very pretty picture it is—touched in with admirable lightness and facility, very nicely coloured, and, like all Mr. Frith's pictures, telling its story at once, and with unmistakable clearness. The other picture (48) is the scene in "The Marshalsea Prison," where Little Dorrit wins Arthur's hand as well as heart, by announcing the loss of all her property. The prison walls are as bare and wretched as the novelist describes them, but Amy's sweet face makes a sunshine even there. Mr. Frith has treated the subject with much quiet refinement, but, with all its beauty, hardly as if he were at home in it. Besides these finished pictures, there is a sketch equally finished, however, in its way, of "The Derby Day," the episode of the acrobats being treated somewhat differently, if we mistake not, from what it is in the picture. "La Senora" (17), J. Phillip, A.R.A., is very forcibly painted, though less carefully than is usual with him; we suppose, however, he cannot spare much time just now from his great commission.

Stanfield's scene "On the French Coast" (1), with the breaking wave, which was in the last exhibition of the Royal Academy, looks much better here than it did there. But there is a little "Glimpse of Venice" (20) by him, painted fourteen or fifteen years ago, which is quite a marvel for its brightness of colour, clear Italian atmosphere, and brilliancy of effect. A good specimen of his still earlier manner is "Dunbar Castle" (53), known by the engraving. Creswick also is represented, both in his earlier and later manner. Of the former a "Rustic Bridge" (29), with a clump of trees reflected in the stream, and the tower of a village church peering up in the distance, though very small, is an exceedingly beautiful example. Of his later manner an equally favourable specimen is "Cardigan Bay" (11), the figures by J. Phillip, A.R.A., which is larger and nobler in style, and less cold in colour than many of his late works. "The Grand Altar at Seville" (49), D. Roberts, R.A., (from the collection of Louis Philippe), a richly and carefully painted interior, executed in 1838, affords an excellent opportunity of comparing the painter's former with his present self, as represented in a pair of "Views in Rome" (32 and 33), painted in 1859, and modified repetitions, if we are not mistaken, of a pair exhibited at the British Institution last winter. A still more curious comparison may be made (and it is one of the interesting features of collections like this, that they afford opportunities for making such comparisons) between Mr. Linnell's former and present self, in his "Kensington Gardens," a large picture, "painted in 1844, and the foreground repainted in 1859." Doubtless it will interest the thorough-going admirers of Mr. Linnell, but it is like a poem written in youth and retouched in age; the parts will neither fit into nor harmonise with each other. Here we have a distance quite remarkable for its cool, silvery tone, and a foreground heated and foxy—Kensington Gardens overlaid with the red clay of Reigate. The Linnells, by the way, seem to be prime favourites in Change Alley—or, perhaps, on the Exchange. By Mr. Linnell, sen., there are eight or nine pictures, and others by W., J. T., and Miss Linnell: all pretentious works, all of course painted after the family recipes, and though all very much alike, all very clever. In "Through the Gate" (100), Mr. J. T. Linnell has ventured boldly, and though we do not think he has quite succeeded in rendering the effect he intended, he has produced a very striking landscape.

One of the most honestly painted pictures in the room, and one that has more of truth and just

feeling than many, is 'The Ship Boy's Letter' (94), by J. C. Hook, A.R.A., painted when he had thrown over all his Venetian studies and turned resolutely to plain out-of-door English nature. And see what a fine, manly, healthy, clear-eyed fellow, half yeoman, half peasant, the woodman is, and what a true-hearted woman his wife; and then admire the rosy happy children on the grass! How true it all is, and how much feeling is expressed there, and yet how little sentimentalism! And then there is another, by him, very capital in its way, glowing and harmonious in colour, admirable in its arrangement, and full of refinement, 'A Dream of Venice' (4), painted before he left off dreaming of that glorious city and its glorious colourists, and which those who estimate a picture by gallery rules (like its late owner, Lord Northwick) will find more to admire in than in a score of such works as that just noticed. By Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., who like Mr. Hook learned to colour in Venice, but who unlike him has not broken the chain of the enchantress, there are four pictures; the most charming to our thinking being the smallest, 'The Four Seasons' (71), really a gem of its kind: exquisite in conception, delicacy of handling, beauty of colour, and only so far conventional as the conception necessitated. His other pictures here are 'Sir Guyon and Phædria on the Idle Lake' (118), 'The Arrest of Carrara' (122), and the 'Disarming of Cupid' (145). And this last reminds us of a painting with the same title (10), by Mr. W. E. Frost, A.R.A., which has been a good deal altered since it was exhibited, and now makes, of its class, a very attractive picture. Of this same class, but more daringly treated, and full of power, are a couple of pictures by Etty, which we must not pass unnoticed, a 'Bacchante' (69), called in the catalogue, we suppose for modesty's sake, 'The Cymbal Player'; and 'Eve at the Fountain' (70), in which Etty has borrowed the attitude of Bayly's famous statue without borrowing its grace, though adding some splendid colour.

Splendidly coloured also, though in a very different way, is 'The Bridal Banquet' (5), by G. Lance, a banquet spread no doubt in that golden age when brides fed only on gigantic grapes, and peaches, and pomegranates, and bridegrooms drank out of richly-chased gold beakers such as these. More of the earth earthy, but hardly less glowing in colour, are 'The Garden Flowers' of Miss Mutrie, and the 'Traveller's Joy' (7 and 8) of her sister, Miss A. F. Mutrie, which will be remembered among the attractions of last year's Academy Exhibition. 'Marchylln Mawr' (9), by J. W. Oakes, which figured in the same exhibition, is also here, and its beauties and faults are as palpable as in its original place. Mr. Bright has some very clever Welsh and Norfolk scenes, and some painted in conjunction with Provis, Herring, and others. Of this class the largest and perhaps the best is the 'Hop Garden' (28), by J. F. Herring and H. Bright, which has been engraved, and which, with a little more "life," would have made a first-rate picture.

It is time we brought this notice to a close, but we must not leave unmentioned Mr. Faed's 'I'm o'er young to Marry yet' (18), a thoroughly Scotch and very picturesque courting scene; 'The Wanderer's Return' (19), by H. O'Neill; two or three of the Welsh peasant girls and children that Mr. Poole used to paint so pleasantly before he turned to "high art;" 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona' (50), by A. Elmore, R.A.; Sir C. Eastlake's fine view of the 'Erethæum'; Mr. Solomon's dainty little 'Ball Room,' of the Spectator's time; several cattle pieces by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; an interior or two by Provis; landscapes by F. R. Lee, R.A., Pyne, Branwhite, Percy, and others: but as most are old familiar friends the mention of them will suffice.

But, we have said enough to prove to our City readers that the Gallery will well repay a visit, and to those of the West End that there is enough in it to recompense a journey so far eastward. So pleasant a half hour could not readily be spent at the present moment among pictures elsewhere in London as at Leggett's Gallery.

The National Gallery and the National Portrait Gallery will reopen to the public on Monday next, when the pictures purchased at the Northwick sale, with some few other recent purchases, will be exhibited for the first time. The British pictures have been arranged in the new rooms at South Kensington in chronological order.

The Statue of General Niell has been placed on its pedestal in Wellington Square, Ayr, and formally inaugurated. The general is represented in the act of arresting the railway official at Hawraw, who, in the heat of the Indian mutiny, insisted on despatching a train without waiting for the troops whom Niell desired to send by it.

Our own London Crimean memorials are making progress. The red granite shaft intended for the Westminster Memorial has been completed at the works at Peterhead, and the statues are advancing. The granite base and pedestal for the Guards' Memorial, Waterloo Place, is nearly finished, and Mr. Bell has all the statues well in hand. We may now expect to see both works in course of completion within a comparatively short time.

The young King of Naples is in art, as in other matters, treading closely in the footsteps of his father of pious memory, who, out of a yearning anxiety for the morals of his subjects, covered the nudities of his pictures and statues, banished the lewd Venuses to the vaults, and compelled the ladies of the ballet to wear green inexpressibles. His Majesty, on a recent visit to the Museo Borbonico, directed the removal of one picture, 'The Interior of a Gallery in the Pitti Palace at Florence,' because so much naked sculpture was shown in it; of another, 'Raffaello's Studio,' because the Fornarina was seen therein; and of a third, because it might be supposed to suggest some undesirable political reflections.

The obituary of this week includes the name of Mr. Francis Graves, of Pall Mall, who died suddenly on Saturday last, aged 56. Mr. Graves was a man widely known and much esteemed among artists and collectors, both on account of his knowledge of pictures and engravings (in the latter respect having few superiors), and of his personal qualities.

Another death, which will be heard of with much regret in artistic (as well as commercial) circles, is that of Mr. John Holdsworth, of Glasgow, who died on the 18th inst., aged 52. Mr. Holdsworth was one of those wealthy manufacturers, whose princely dealing with artists is one of the features of the art-patronage of our day. His death, like that just recorded, is another instance how we are cut off in the midst of our days, and all our plans are shattered in a moment by the mighty hand of Death. Mr. Holdsworth was building himself a splendid mansion, on which he was lavishing the resources of art, and in which he was looking to spend the evening of his days. It will afford a notion of the character of this mansion to mention that the marble statues of Thetis and Briseis, by Mr. J. Thomas, which every visitor to the last exhibition of the Royal Academy will remember as occupying a prominent place in the Sculpture Room, were intended to serve as supports to the chimney piece of the drawing-room, the rest of the mansion being adorned in a corresponding style. But whilst the house remains unfinished its master lies low in the dust.

THE LATE GENERAL HAVELock. — Various statements having been made in the newspapers from time to time about the neglected state of General Havelock's tomb at the Alumbagh, we believe we are correct in stating that the present Sir Henry Havelock objected to the tomb being erected at the public expense, and supplied Major Crommelin with funds to make a vault to receive the body. Not having approved of any of the designs made in India for the monument, Sir Henry is having one prepared in England, which will be executed on the spot, where stone and marble are ready. — *Globe*.

## MUSIC AND THE DRAMA.

ROYAL ENGLISH OPERA.—The opera of *Dinorah* has been repeated nightly during the past fortnight, and, in spite of the heaviness of the *libretto*, has drawn large houses, which is nothing more than the management deserves, inasmuch as the manner in which the opera is mounted and presented to the public leaves nothing to be desired. Miss L. Pyne is now thoroughly at home in the part of the heroine, and both histrionically and artistically plays and sings it to perfection. Mr. Harrison has, moreover, quite overcome the difficulties of *Corentin*, and renders the music with an impulsive vigour which greatly adds to the charm of the character. Mr. Santley also has immensely improved. His singing in the part of *Hoël* from the very first night left nothing to be desired; but his acting then wanted force and method, which use to the appliances of the stage has now given him. Indeed, it is very seldom that a thorough novice, as he was to theatrical business on his *début*, has so quickly and readily adapted himself to the demands which are absolutely requisite to obtain a command of the several situations, into which an actor finds himself introduced. Miss Pilling goes on improving, although we would still warn her against being carried away by the applause which is well and worthily bestowed upon her. With patience and perseverance she will take a high position, but she has much yet to acquire ere she will be fully equal to the demands which operatic music will make upon her young and fresh voice. Miss Thirlwall also improves, and does the little entrusted to her respectably, if not far better than Mdle. Marai, who was the first interpreter of the part of the female goatherd at the Royal Italian Opera. Mr. St. Albyn and Mr. Corri fulfil their respective duties most respectably, and the chorus and band being perfect, make up an *ensemble*, which is certainly not surpassed even at the Paris Opera Comique, where the deficiencies are such, in spite of M. Meyerbeer's early and late superintendence of rehearsals, as to be truly painful to those who have witnessed the English Opera company's performance. We learn that a new opera by Mr. Wallace, entitled *Lurline*, is underwritten, and will soon be played. It is also said that Mr. Balfe has been commissioned, and is hard at work to produce another opera during the present season for the management of this theatre.

DRURY LANE AND ST. JAMES'S HALL.—Again and again has Mr. E. T. Smith rung the changes with Mdle. Piccolomini and Mdle. Tietjens, with Sig. Gunglini and Sig. Adelghieri, &c., &c., continually giving farewell concerts, and repeating opera after opera which are by this time nearly worn threadbare. This system of prolific reproduction may bring money both to manager and *artistes*, but it is ruinous to their reputation, inasmuch as it not only wears their powers to threads, but renders their fame common even with the multitude, who, sooner or later, tire even of a good thing. How some of the *artistes* who really have a reputation can consent to be thus hacked, is to us a mystery. It must damage them not only with the British, but with every other public, especially when the company with whom they are associated are of the most mediocre quality, to say the very best of their pretensions, and the band and chorus are beneath contempt. We do indeed most earnestly hope that these last specimens of concerts and operas will verily and indeed be final, so that singers of respectability may no longer be found touting, as it were, for popularity, which all the time they are so doing is rapidly and certainly vanishing away. Even Mdle. Piccolomini, favourite as she has been, cannot afford such usage as to be dragged before the public at unpropitious times and seasons. Her performance of *Leonora* in the *Trovatore* was alone more than enough to destroy the little reputation remaining to her. To criticise such a *fiasco* would be a thorough work of supererogation.



**OLYMPIC THEATRE.**—One of the rose-water dramas of the early Scribe school, *Un mariage sous l'Empire*, was produced at this house on Monday last by the title of *A Husband to Order*. The adapter is J. M. Morton, Esq. He never wrote better than in this two-act piece: Mr. Morton's speciality is cosmopolitanism. It is very delightful to hear Breton peasants "adapting" English proverbs to their French life. Mr. Morton's idea is unique. Mr. Morton's piece may thus be told. The *Baron de Beaupré* having returned from exile and again obtained his title by the Emperor Napoleon I.'s permission, would find his restoration complete if, with the re-assumption of his title, he also again came into possession of his estate. The politic emperor cannot confer this said land upon the baron, but he directs one *Colonel Pierre Marceau* (Mr. G. Vining), a lucky soldier of fortune, who has purchased the baron's possessions, to marry *Josephine*, the baron's niece, believing that by these means thorough justice will be rendered to all parties. The *Colonel*, a true Napoleonic soldier, consents to the marriage at once. Not so *Josephine* (Miss Wyndham); proud and determined, she makes up her mind to spurn the *Colonel*; but, upon his appearance, and upon learning that "he has been to college," she yields to the will of the emperor, and readily steps into the carriage which is to convey her to the altar. The ceremony ended, *Josephine* is suffocated by witnessing the congratulations which pour upon *Pierre* from the villagers, who recognise him as an old companion, and she refuses to welcome one *Phillipeau* (Mr. G. Cooke) and his wife (Mrs. Emden), who are cousins to the *Colonel*. Thereupon the *Colonel*, haughty in his turn, leaves his bride of an hour, departs for fresh conquests on the battle field; and when *Josephine* recognises her "fault" and turns to the honest peasant, she learns that her husband has deserted her. In the second act, supposed to take place after the expiration of two years, we find *Josephine* in mourning, and even deploring the terrible exhibition of pride which drove her husband from her side. The news of the *Colonel's* death has recently arrived, and the family are expecting the soldier's brother, a lawyer. Now the lawyer is really the *Colonel* himself, and upon his first interview with *Josephine*, creates extreme emotion within her by reason of his great resemblance to himself. The end of it all is as clear as a diamond. The *Colonel* comes to reproach a haughty lady, finds in her place a humble woman, and so takes her to his heart. Miss Wyndham has certainly made another advance in her profession by her rendering of the character of *Josephine*—indeed she achieved the success of the drama. Her acting was admirable, the contrast between that of the first and second act particularly so. The giving of the hand to the husband in the marriage scene was exquisitely graceful; the recognition in the second act, exceedingly natural.

The other characters were very capably filled, especially those played by Mrs. Emden and Mr. G. Cooke. Of the drama itself, what can be said? If an English translator will degrade a pathetic comedy into a "new serio-comic drama," the public cannot help it, and they must be pardoned for enduring it. To illustrate the serio-comic mistake we may point out that the "funny characters" are quite as funny in the second act as in the first, though from beginning to end all of these personages, with one exception, believe the *Colonel* to have died but twenty-four hours previous to their "comic" sallies. Let our readers take the original piece, and they will see the good sense of our remarks. The "serio-comic" business was followed by the *The Porter's Knot*—one of the most touching of dramas, though perhaps not without a suspicion of too much farce allotted to a minor character. Mr. Robson's genius will keep this piece on the stage as long as he keeps there himself, and he will never cease to procure that graduated approbation which so fully proves the truth of his acting. When *Samson Burr* first appears, the applause is loud and hearty, but as his well-borne troubles are spread out before us the public approbation is no less sincere, but it gradually tones

down till the actor's triumph is made complete by a perfect appreciation of his exquisite pathos. Mr. Robson never played the character more finely than he did on Monday night.

**STRAND THEATRE.**—Perhaps no greater evidence of the good management of this house can be shown than in the absolute fact, that Miss Swanborough is wise enough to believe that literary talent is to be appreciated, though not exercised in town. The MS. of a little comedy came up to the Strand Theatre from a primitive part of Yorkshire, from a lady in no way connected with literature; and, not only has Miss Swanborough read it, but she has accepted it, saying it is "very nice," and the Yorkshire comedy is to be produced at an early date.

**SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE.**—A criticism of Mr. Taylor's new play, entitled *The Foot's Revenge*, cannot appear before next week. We must, however, at once chronicle the absolute success of the piece, and Mr. Phelps' triumph in the character of Victor Hugo's fool—as Mr. Phelps and Mr. Taylor comprehend him.

#### MISCELLANEA.

**FUNERAL OF STEPHENSON.**—Yesterday morning the remains of Robert Stephenson were consigned to their last earthly resting-place in Westminster Abbey. Due honour was paid by his professional and private friends to the distinguished man; the streets through which the mournful cortege passed were crowded with persons, while others flocked to the Abbey. Many great men have been buried in Westminster Abbey, but we have no record of such a scene as that which was witnessed this morning. Public interest had been awakened, and people flocked in thousands to witness the solemnity. The body was received at the entrance to the Abbey by the Dean of Westminster and Canons and a full choir, which moved towards the West door, and proceeded up the centre of the nave into the choir, where the funeral service was performed with a full choral accompaniment. Upwards of 3000 persons were present during the service. Peace be with Robert Stephenson, whose great goodness and perfect Christianity few men know—gentle, faithful, and kind, with his life ends a line, whose founder was lately amidst men, a line which shall be honoured whilst man lives.

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September, 1859. JOSEPH MARSH, Secretary.

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